Cambria Freeman.

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"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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THE GOOD OF THE BOY.

What is the good of a wide-awake boy,
Who whoops and hallOes
As he ties on his shoes,
And who dances a jig
While he's combing his wig
And washing his face with a very poor grace,
Who whips on his jacket
And makes all the racket
He possibly can?
Pray tell me, I pray, what's the good of this boy?
Well, a wide-awake boy makes a wide-awake man."

What is the good of a hungry boy,
Who clamors for food
As no juvenile should,
And, as sure as I live,
Eats all that you give;
And fork, flesh or fish, he empties the dish,
While for soft ginger-bread he
Oh, always is ready;
Pray, what will *he* make?
The sort of a man will grow out of this boy?
Why, a very safe man, dear, to *put down a bride.*"

What is the good of a rollicking boy,
Who gets into "snaps"
And all sorts of raps;
Who nothing so loathes
As a new suit of clothes,
Since the first day they so hinder his play;
For the second—no matter,
He'll have them a-tatter
Before set of sun;
Has no something to say for the good of this boy?
No enterprise hold he will surely count one."

What is the good of a careless boy,
Who won't wipe his feet
And can't learn to be neat,
Who treats on the cat
And sits down on his hat;
Who's snarky and plucky, this happy-go-lucky,
And cares not a rattle,
But sides in each battle
With him that is down?
Well, what is the good of this bold, reckless boy?
In a regular vote, dear, he'll carry the town."

What is the good of a *horrid* boy,
Who won't say his prayers,
And mocks at your cares;
Who hears all the news,
Your advice does refuse,
He jeers and he teases and does as he pleases;
I wonder if aught he
Performs is not naughty?
One thing—he *won't lie,*
Ah, what is the good of this terrible boy?
Why to speak the truth, dear—a great virtue, they say I."

Then, there's some good in all sorts of a boy
The jolly and sad,
The sorry and bad,
The best and the worst,
The last and the first,
All have somewhat to say in his favor always:
"Why, yes, since you leave it,
I surely believe it
Is best to judge so,
Though you may question the good of a boy,
What should folks fare without him I'd just like to know?"

Mary E. C. Wyeth, in Christian Union.

TEN MINUTES LATE.

If '62 there wasn't a likelier fellow on
Than George Kirke.
He was the son of a poor man, and his
Mother was dead. His father was a con-
firmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and
George played the dutiful son to him in a
way that would astonish the young men of
to-day.

Somehow, nobody knew exactly how,
George had managed to pick up a good ed-
ucation, and he had polished it off, so to
speak, by a two years' course at a commer-
cial college.

He had taken on the Stony Hill Railroad
when he was about twenty-one or twenty-
two years old. First, he was brakeman.
Railway business is a regular success
and, generally speaking, a man has to
work his way up. It ain't often he works
himself up to the dignity of conductor at
one step, with a chance to pocket ten cent
fees and with the privilege of helping all
the good looking and well dressed young
women out of the cars, and letting the
elderly ones, with babies and handboxes in
their arms, stumble out the best way they
can.

George did his duty so well that he was
soon promoted to fireman, and after he had
learned the workings of the machine, he
was made engineer and given an engine.

The engine was one of the newest and
best on the line, and was called the Fly-
away, and George was mighty proud of her
as he may well believe.

I'll tell you, sir, your true engineer—one
that is out and out for the business, and feels
the responsibility—takes as much pride in
his engine as the jockey does in his favor-
ite horse, and would sit up nights, or
work his sweet-heart, to keep the brasses
and bearings of his machine so's you could
see your face in 'em.

There was another man wanted George's
place. There's generally more than one
man for every paying job.

Jack Halliday had been waiting some
time to be engineer of the Flyaway, and
he knew he'd be but if he was mad enough to pull
for it. He was a brakeman likewise,
and had been on the road two years longer
than Kirke, and it would seem that the
place really belonged to him, yet he was
a rather reckless, disagreeable, fellow, with
not sense enough to have set an umpe-
rage up in business, and still have some
left.

When Jack realized that George had got
the inside track of him, his anger was at a
white heat. He cursed Kirke and he
cursed the company, and old Whately, the
superintendent, and things generally, until
he aroused a pity there was not something
to curse; he was in fine cursing order.
There was more than one thing which
made Jack Halliday down on George Kirke.
George had been his rival in many respects,
but particularly where the fairer creation
was concerned. George was a great favor-
ite with the girls, for he was handsome
as a Greek, and good natured, and Jack
was sarcastic, and always on the contrary
side, and the girls avoided him as they al-
most should such a man.

We always expected that ill would come
of George from Jack's bad blood against
him, and we warned him more than once,
but he always laughed and reminded us of
the old law that "barking dogs seldom
bite," which is true in the main.

And, as the time went on, until two,
three, four months had passed since Kirke's
promotion, and nothing had occurred, we
forgot all about our apprehension of evil,
and if we thought of the matter at all we
thought we had wronged Halliday by our
suspicions.

It was a dark night in November, with
considerable fog in the air, and strong ap-
pearances of rain.

I was at Golosha, the northern terminus
of the road, looking after some repairs on a
defective boiler, and I was going down to
New York on the 7:50 train.

About 7 there came a telegram from old
Whately, whose summer residence was
nearly midway between Golosha and New
York; and the old heathen had not yet for-
saken it for the city. The telegraph oper-
ator came into the house where Kirke was
at work—for he was always at work—and
read it to him. Kirke made a note of it in
his pocket-book.

"Pay train on the line. Will meet you
just west of Leeds at 10:15. Shunt on to the
siding at Deering's Cut, and wait

WHATELY."

Kirke's watch hung on a nail beside the
clock. It was a fancy of his always to
hang it up there when he was off the train,
so that he could make no mistake in the
time.

He glanced at the clock and from it to
his watch. Both indicated the same hour
—7:15.

"Seven fifteen," said Kirke mediatively,
"and we leave at 7:20, and the pay train
meets us at Deering's Cut at 10:15. Scant
time to make the run in this thick weather,
but it must be managed."

And he turned away to give some brief
orders to the fireman.

Jack Halliday was there—he had been
strolling in and out of the room for the past
half hour, smoking a cigar and swearing at
the bad weather. His train did not leave
till near midnight, so he had plenty of time
to swear.

We all went to the door and took a look
at the weather and unanimously voted it
was deuced bad, and then we walked up
and down the platform and smoked our
after supper cigars, and by the time we
were through it was time for the train
hands to be getting into their places. Both
the clock in the engine room and Kirke's
watch indicated 7:18.

Kirke was putting his watch in his pock-
et as he said:

"Garth, you are going with me on the
Flyaway?"

"No, thank ye," said I, "I get enough
of that sort of thing in my every day life.
I am going to do a little swell business to-
night, and take passage in the palace car.
Want to rest my back. Good night to you,
and hold her in well round Bottom curve.
The road's a little shaky."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Kirke, and
he swung himself to his position on the
Flyaway.

The bell rang—I scrambled to my com-
partments in the Pullman, and felt horri-
bly out of place among the silks and broad-
cloths and smell of musk. But I was in
for "first-class," and made the best of it so
effectually that five minutes after Gibson,
who fancies he owns all creation because
he has got a silver coffin plate on his breast
with "Conductor" on it, had shouted "All
aboard!" I was sound asleep.

What occurred in other quarters to affect
the fate of Kirke's train I learned after-
ward.

Old Whately, the Superintendent of the
road, as I guess I have already said, had a
country residence at Leeds, on a mountain
spur, which commands a view of the sur
rounding country for more than a score of
miles. The line of the railway could be
distinctly seen in each direction 15 miles,
and Wha ely was wont to say his lookout
was worth more to the safety of trains
than all the telgraph wires on the line.

Whately was a rich old buffer, kind
enough in his way, but sharp as a ferret in
looking after the road hands and de ermined that every man should do his duty.

He had but one child, a daughter: and
Floss Whately was the belle of the country.
She was brave, beautiful and spirited, and
more than once, when her father had been
away, she had assumed the responsibility
of directing the trains, and she had always
acquitted herself with credit.

Old Whately was very proud of her, as
he had a right to be, and he kept all the
young fellows at a distance, until it was
said that he intended to keep his daughter
single till the Czar of Russia came on to
marry her.

This night in November, old Whately
and Floss were out on the piazza of their
country home, peering through the gloom
for the Golosha train, which was nearly due.

"It's very strange it doesn't come in
sight!" said Whately, laying down his
night glass in disgust. "It's hard on to
10 now! They ought to show their light
around Spruce Pond by this time!"

"Yo to gra e them a her? You let
them know the pay train was on the road?"
asked Floss.

"To be sure. And, good Heavens! I
there is the light of the pay train now!
See! not 10 miles away and running like
the deuce, as it always does!"

He pointed with trembling fingers down
to the valley gorge, where, far away, a
mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a
light scarcely moving it seemed, but those
anxious watchers knew it was approaching
at lightning speed.

Father and daughter looked at each oth-
er.

The truth was evident. For some reason
the train from Golosha was ten minutes
behind time; and it would not reach the
siding at Deering's Cut un il the pay train
had passed beyond on to the single track!
And then? Why, to read under the head
of "Appalling Railroad Disaster!" and a
few more homes would be rendered deso-
late, and a few more hearts would be made
to mourn.

Father and daughter looked at each oth-
er in dismay.

"Is there time?" asked the old man,
tremblingly.

"Se im can do it," said Floss, quickly.—
"If I can reach Leeds five minutes before
the train—yes, two minutes—all will be
well. Do not stop me, father!" as he laid
a hand on her arm.

"But you must not go! It is dark and
dismally lonely! No, Floss!"

"I shall go, father! Selim knows only
me, and you could not ride him. I have
ridden darker nights. And he is the only
horse in the stable! Don't you remember,
the others were sent to town yesterday?"

Before old Whately could stop her, she
had ordered the hostler to saddle Selim,
and she was already buttoning on her rid-
ing habit with rapid, nervous fingers.

The horse came pawing to the door.
Floss sprang into the saddle, leaned down
and kissed her father's forehead.

"Pray Heaven to speed me!" she cried
hoarsely, and, touching the horse with her
whip, he bounded down the sharp declivi-
ty.

It was raining steadily now, and the
gloom was intense, but Selim was used to
the road, and he was sure-footed and his
rider courageous. She urged him on at
the top of his speed, up hill and down,
through Pine Valley and over Pulpit Hill,
and then she struck upon the smooth road
which stretched away to Leeds, two miles,
straight as an arrow.

She could see the headlight of the pay-
train, far down the valley, distinctly now,
and to her excited fancy it seemed but a
stone's throw away. She even thought
for a moment that she heard the grind of
the wheels on the iron track, but, no! it
was only the sighing of the wind in the
pines.

On still she went. Selim seemed to fly.
One might have fancied that he knew his
mistress was on an errand of life or death.
The lights of the station were in view—
nay, she even saw the station master's
white lantern as he strolled up and down
the platform—the white lantern which
was to signal the approaching train—to
tell them to go on, for all was well, on to
their doom.

She dashed across the railway track,
flung the reins to an amazed bystander, and
striking the white lantern from the hand of
the astonished official, she seized the omin-
ous red lantern from its hook, and, spring-
ing upon the track, waved it in the very
teeth of the coming train.

Two short, sharp whistles told her that
her signal was seen, and a moment later
the train came to a stop, and the officers
rushed out to learn what it all meant.

Floss told them in a few brief words, and
one of them at the station went forward to
confer with the train from Golosha, which
had not yet been telegraphed from the
next station beyond.

The man waited fifteen minutes before
Kirke's train slid on to the siding, and it
was then known that but for the decision
of one young girl, the two trains must have
collided four miles beyond Deering's Cut.

When told the story Kirke looked at his
watch.

The man from the station looked at his
also.

Kirke's was ten minutes behind time!

You want to know how it happened.
Certainly you must have guessed. Halli-
day did it. A man was found next day
who confessed to having seen Jack tamper-
ing with the time pieces in the engine
house that nigh, but had thought nothing
of it.

Jack? Oh, he left town and was last
heard of in Australia. His little game was
not a success.

A few months later Kirke was married
to Floss Whately, for being ten minutes be-
hind time.

A Romance of Fort George Island.

The young owner of the island, cultiva-
ting hundreds of acres and raising enor-
mous crops of cotton and sugar, used to
build schooners in a ship yard of his own,
and imported slaves directly from the Afri-
can coast, selling to his neighbors such as
he did not want. He was unmarried.—
Perhaps not one of the daughters of the
neighboring planters could be persuaded to
share the lonely life which could hardly
have appeared attractive in any woman's
eyes; perhaps he preferred a life of freedom
and independence. However that may
have been, he was in the habit of going oc-
casionally to Africa himself, and of buying
his slaves from the native chiefs, who dis-
posed in this way of their prisoners of war.

During one of these visits, while engaged
in bargaining, he was struck with the grace
and beauty of the chief's young daughter,
a child of ten years old. He proposed to
buy her, but she was a favorite child and
her father could not part with her. Per-
suasions were for a time unavailing, but
at length the savage father, unable to re-
sist the glitter of the white man's gold,
agreed to part with his child upon condi-
tion that she should be treated with con-
sideration and brought up as becomes a
king's daughter. The planter promised,
and, strange to say, he kept his word. She
was kindly cared for and well educated,
and in course of time became the planter's
lawful wife. She had, according to tradi-
tion, with the exception of a dark skin,
none of the usual negro characteristics.
Her handsome features were regular, her
hair smooth, her presence dignified and
commanding. Her husband seems never
to have regretted his unusual course, and
her influence over her captive countrymen
was unbounded. In addition to her posi-
tion and superior intelligence was the con-
sideration of her native rank, which to
them at least was a source of unquestioned
right.

The establishment was kept up in almost
princely style. The sons were sent to
England to be educated; for the daughters
French and English governesses were pro-
cured, and established in separate houses
near the mansion; white artisans of various
kinds were constantly employed, making
quite a large community aside from the
hundreds of slaves upon the island. And
over all this, in her husband's long and
frequent absence, reigned our dusky prin-
cess, as absolute in her insular domain as
her savage father in his native wilds. She
had a strong and powerful mind, and wo-
manly kindness and sympathy as well.
One old negro, who died so ne time since,
so old that no one could remember him as
other than old, used to tell how he was
brought over when young to this island,
where he had lived ever since, and how he
and others, sick and exhausted, were min-
istered to by the "missis" own hands, and
how they all loved her and always prayed,
"Lord bless Ma'am Hannah!" Every
morning as she stood upon this very spot
the field bands passed in review before
her, each gang with its driver, going to
their daily work. She inspected them all,
picking out such as were unfit for labor
and sending them to the hospital or to
lighter tasks; and every night in the same
spot she heard a report of the day, exam-
ined into all complaints, and with strict
justice adjudged each offender's punish-
ment; and without her order not a lash
could be given.—*Scribner.*

A DRY GOODS clerk relates that a very pretty and stylish young lady called in the store t'other day and requested to see some lavender kid gloves, whereupon she was shown several different shades of that color. Being a little overcome with so great a variety, she asked: "Which of those pairs are the lavenderest?"

THE DEAD PROPHET.

A NEW BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Dead—Dead—Dead."—*Hamlet.*

One more polygamous,
Short in the breath,
Wretchedly bigamous,
Gone to his death.

Turn not away from him,
Scorning to touch,
Go nearer and pray for him,
Married so much.

Think of his fathers-in-law,
Two hundred brothers-in-law,
Three hundred sisters-in-law,
Fifty odd mothers-in-law,
Left in one family,
All polygamily;
Think of their daily life
Full of domestic strife,
Cat fights and squealings;
Think of the tears and sighs,
Then try to Ann Elize
Some of their feelings;
Think of the weekly dues
And of the baby shoes
And stockings unnumbered;
Think of the payments large,
Think of a daily charge,
Of an infant six hundred.

Oh! turn not away from him,
Scorning to touch,
Go nearer and pray for him,
Married so much.

Oh! this is pitiful!
A city with widows full,
Buxom and fair;
Old bachelors think of it;
Go near to the brink of it,
Now, if you dare.
Still for his bigamy
And muddy polygamy
Leave him at rest;
Cross his hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over his breast;
Owning his weakness,
The poor erring creature,
And leaving with meekness
His mantle to Beecher.

—*James Peauckle in Oswego Gazette.*

A Long Battle With the Sea.

For more than a hundred years one of the most interesting and conspicuous ob jects to the voyager bound up the English channel, has been the famous ligh house built by John Smeaton, on the Eddystone rocks. Lifting its gray mass above the turbulent sea near the entrance to Ply-mouth sound, it has stood for a century in the pathway of the world's commerce, a monument of human genius and patience, a boast of man's superiority over the forces of nature. But nature has conquered at last. The Eddystone lighthouse, so long regarded as one of the grandest triumphs of engineering, must come down. At the recent meeting of the British association for the advancement of science, Mr. J. N. Douglass, engineer of Trinity house, read a paper explaining the necessity for the demolition of this extraordinary work. The waves have beaten in vain against Smeaton's masonry, but they have actually undermined the rock upon which it stands. "Based on the solid rock" is no longer an expression of stability.

The Eddystone rocks, lying in one of the most frequented parts of the channel, and entirely covered at high water, were long ago remarked among the principal dangers of the English coast. The difficulty of erecting a light upon them was only over-come after various trials and disasters. It is impossible to approach the spot except in the most favorable weather, and at cer-tain times of the tide, and owing to the exposed situation, near the entrance of the channel, in the full sweep of the Atlantic gales, the sea often rises here to extreme fury, and the waves dash over the lantern at the height of eighty five feet. On several occasions they have broken the glass. The first lighthouse on the Eddy-stone was begun by Henry Winstanley in 1696, and finished in 1699. It was a sort of wooden pagoda, on a stone base. It stood only four years, being swept away by a storm in 1703, and the builder and several workmen who had gone off to it for the purpose of making some repairs, perished at the same time. No trace of the men was ever found, and not a frag-ment of the building remained, except a few scraps of iron. But Winstanly had demonstrated that a lighthouse could be built on this fearful ledge, and Rudyerd accordingly, who was not a professional engineer, but a silk mercer, completed an-other, an ingenious structure of wood and iron, in 1709. The wood seems not to have answered very well, but the building lasted until 1755, when it took fire one December night in the lantern, and the keepers were driven from room to room till they reached the rock, whence (the weather being for-tunately calm) they were taken off the next day.

Smeaton's great work, which has since served as a type and model for the finest lighthouses in the world, was begun in 1756 and finished in 1759. He secured a magnificent foundation by levelling off the gneiss rock in horizontal steps, so that every course of masonry might rest upon a true horizontal bed, and to protect the ground joints still more completely from the action of the sea, he caused the lower courses to be sunk at least three inches in the solid rock, as in a socket. All this cutting of the foundation was done with chisel and hammer, lest blasting should loosen the rock. The materials used in the building were Portland stone and grani e, laid in hydraulic cement. The blocks were a ton and two tons in weight, and carefully dovetailed together, every course being adjusted on a wooden plat-form before the stones were carried to the rock. The courses were furthermore con-nected by stone dowels, and the whole firmly clamped. To find the best and strongest shape for the edifice which had to be built upon this foundation, Smeaton applied to nature. He imitated the trunk of a tree. The lighthouse tapers graceful-ly to the top, with a slightly concave out-line, and its base spreads outward as if it were rooted in he rock. The upper part was originally of wood, but being burned in 1770 it was rebuilt of stone.

The enormous difficulties encountered in the execution of this work, the ingenuity and perseverance displayed in overcom-ing them, and the full particulars of the plan—one of the most skilful combinations of elements of stability ever devised—are well described in Smeaton's "Narrative;" and, in spite of the progress that has since been made in mechanics, the Eddystone lighthouse has never ceased to be the pride of every Englishman, and one of the mar-vels of engineering. If it now must be destroyed, the nation will have the consola-tion of knowing that a better building can be erected in its place. Although the sea beats in vain against its walls, it cannot be regarded any longer as a lighthouse of the first rank. There are some modern improvements which cannot be applied to it. Science has discovered how to throw a light so far that a building of considera-bly greater height than this is now requir-ed to give the proper range. A fog signal of the largest kind seems also to be needed in this position, and Smeaton's structure is too confined to hold it. But it is proposed, when the tower is destroyed, to put the stones together again and leave them as a monument on the coast. It would be an excellent thing to do. The model light-house should stand there, as a memorial of a great engineer and an impressive remind-er of the weakness and littleness of man when he battles with the elements.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HEPHZIBAB.

A STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVER.

She was an old maid and her name was Hephzibah.

Hephzibah! The parent who can be fe-rocious enough to inflict such a name on their offspring, ought to be spiked on the ragged edge of remorse, ground to powder in a mill of self-condemnation and blown to the four winds of heaven by an outraged progeny.

If, in the earlier period of a blasted life, our Hephzibah had ever been the delight of any male crea ure's heart, there were no traces left on her face to record the effect of having been the object of such an emo tion. But appearances are deceptive you know; for there was a time in Hephzibad's life, when the lilies bowed sweetly at her approach and the roses hurriedly hid their thorns beneath their trembling foliage, for very shame at having such cruel ornaments about them, in her presence. Her sprightly step and flashing eyes gave evidence that nature was not singing a lullaby to the pulses that gave the blush to her cheek and lent the rapture of love to her heart; the tendrils of her being were budding with vigor and beauty, warmed by the glow of youth and nursed by the dew of dawning womanhood. A measureless depth of love was in her heart, but fate had yielded her only the stingiest half measure in which to garner her abundance, so the rest part of it ran to waste, and the rest—well, the rest part of it disappeared somehow, and left us a cross old maid, whose name was Heph-zibah, whose dimples had turned to writ-kles, and whose "beauty spots" had be-come ugly warts, bristling with coarse hairs.

Of course their was a man at the bottom of it.

He was not a bad man, either; he was one of those phlegmatic souls who pied along, content with little to give, and if more fell to him than he asked for, why surely he couldn't help it. He was at-tracted to the bright Hephzibah—perhaps her name had something to do with it—and she, poor dear, thought he was the pri ce of men. In her shy way she gazed up at him, and colored his dull stoicism wi h the marvelous charm of imagination. She imagined that beneath this calm there raged a grand, passionate soul—in chains—the chains of manliness and honor con-trolling waywardness.

She had no smile of encouragement for others; he was all she wanted, and he liked her. Oh, yes, he liked her so well that he sought no other girl's company. And so a couple of years passed and people began to wonder, as people will, why that "pair" did not marry. But Hephzibah was so happy. She lived and thrived upon the memory of one little kiss and the ex-pectation of many more some time.

The little episode of that kiss was the only digression in their otherwise humdrum intercourse; and it was really an accident.

They had been to church, and were walking home by the light of the moon, he stupid as usual, and she, wearing glory from his silence, contented to know herself clinging to his arm. Arriving at her door, in the act of leaving her, his matter-of-fact eye espied that the fastening had become undone. As he called her attention to it, the pin fell, and both stooped to recover it; their heads and hands met, and the next moment they were startled by the re-alization that their lips had met somehow.

"How very sweet you are, Hephzibah!" and that was all.

The next time he came she quivered and trembled and felt very nervous. There was no occasion for it. When the old couple began to yawn and stretch, previous to toddling off to bed, he took his hat and toddled off home, merely stopping long enough, after they were gone, to hold her hand and say "good night!" The follow-ing evening he came as usual, and this was repeated for another season, until one night he said:

"Hephzibah, good bye."

"Why! Are going to leave town?"

"Yes. I've invested in some land in the territories. It is not probable that I shall ever come back."

He put on his hat and was gone. Heph zibah's heart gave one awful throb and then shriveled up with its lovely luxury of kindness.

And the years passed away, taking away father, mother, and friends, but left "Bab, that hateful, dried up old maid," and all her memories embittered by the humiliatin consciousness that she had given the full measure of a woman's love to one who had not asked for it.

She was standing in the door of her cot-tage one evening, the hush of twilight soft ly falling upon the landscape, when she suddenly found herself facing her lover of long ago.

"Hephzibah."

"You!" she exclaimed with a gasp and a snap.

"Yes, it's me, Hephzibah."

"What do you want?"

"You, Hephzibah. The kiss you once gave me has haunted me through all these years, and lingered near me like a sweet strain of music. But oh, woman, I want another."

Involuntarily his arms went out to her as he spoke. And, notwithstanding her name, Hephzibah was only a woman. Amen.

A GENTLEMAN once warmly eulogized the consistancy of an absent husband in the presence of his loving wife. "Yes, yes!" she assented, "he writes me letters full of the agony of affection, but he never remits me any money." "I can conceive of that," replied the other, "for I know his love to be unremitting."

Thrilling Shark Story.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

In 1836 Captain Blank was the first mate of a w a ship cruising on o New Bedford. The "William King" was one of those old-fashioned tubs peculiar to the last century, sailing equally well either way, bow or stern. On Telegraph Hill, near San Fran-cisco, a school of whales was raised, led by an immense bull, and steering in a north-erly direction. Two boats were at once lowered, but they had scarcely touched the water when the school parted, one part running north and the other south. Capt. Blank's boat followed one band, while Jim Wat son, the mate followed the other. The Captain's boat had a crew of magnificent oarsmen; they laid to their work with a will, and after an hour's pull came within range of the bull. Captain Blank got an iron into him in short order, the fish sounded and went down at a speed which almost equalled that of the "lightning express" train. The line ran out with a deafening hum; the loggerhead smoked, and the boat laid her bows deep into the water.—Suddenly the strain ceased, the whale was coming up, and every eye conned the seas for a glimpse of the monster. He came up like a rocket, struck the boat on the keel amidship with his nose, and hurled it thir-ty feet into the air. As it descended it capsized, and fell bottom uppermost. The men immediately swam for it, and, with the exception of the Captain, reached it, where they clung to the keel.

The Captain soon swam up, but finding the keel crowded, resolved not to risk an upsetting by venturing upon it.—So he put an oar under each arm, and, treading water, kept near the boat, cheer-ing the crew who, as was natural to men in their situation, were nervous and down-hearted. They floated this way several minutes, and were gradually getting over the first shock, when the stroke oarsman, a gigantic negro, called out, "Look dar—a shark!" Nothing so horrifies a sailor as the appearance of that ravenous fish in hours of peril. The crew looked and saw a huge bottle nosed shark floating appar-ently not more than a fathom below the surface. The Captain saw the monster also, and felt his chance of escape dwindle to a cipher; nevertheless, he did not lose courage, and instead of hastening the event which seemed beyond prevention, resolved to escape it if possible. He knew that a shark would never bite at an unsteady bait. The nose of the creature is in us way; it must turn on its side to snap, and then only when the object is stationary. It may be for a second only, but that is enough; the shark darts like lightning, and in a moment seizes its prey. The Captain knew this, and knew his only salvation depended on his keeping constantly in motion. The least pause would be fatal, so with the two oars under his arm he kept afloat, moving about incessantly his eyes fixed on the dark monster beneath him, which followed wherever he moved. His mind was unu-sually active; every circumstance of his life came before him with the clearness of noonday. The scenes of his youth, in par-ticular, came before him in vivid coloring. He saw the old farmhouse in which he was born—the hills, woods and meadows sur-rounding it; the distant village, the church spire, the flocks on the plains, the winding river, the cows browsing in the fields; he heard the clatter of the mill, the songs of the mowers, the birds singing in the groves and the gun echoing among the hills. He heard, too, the voice of one dearer to him than all on earth; the voice of one—but all this took place while a rapacious mon ter was floating within a few feet of him, wait-ing only for a moment's pause in his move-ments to rend him in pieces!

The second boat having now rescued the wrecked men, approached the Captain, who ordered its crew to shoot by him at full speed, and as it passed he would grasp it and spring in, the critical moment being when he would lose motion and the shark would be likely to seize him. However that risk must be taken. The mate faith-fully carried out his directions. The men strained every sinew. They were whale-men, and, as such, topgallant oarsmen. The boa itself was scarcely seen, buried in a double wall of foaming spray, the oars bending like reeds, and the gunwales quiv-ering at each stroke. It took a steady nerve, an eagle glance, and a lightning grasp to secure the flying craft; but the Captain had these, and as it passed seized the starboard gunwale, and was thrown like a shot into the boat. At the same in-stant the shark's head rose above water, and its jaws snapped with a sound audible for a considerable distance. The Captain, as he himself remarked, escaped "only by a scratch."

JONAH.—"Why is a—," and Martha paused, meditated, and dropped three stitches in the needlework she was trying to crochet—"why is—or why was Jonah—in what did Jonah surpass all other men of his time?" "Caws," exclaimed little Tommy, who was trying to tie a cat under a chair, "caws he didn't mind." "O you keep still, you little brat," remarked his interrogating sister. "In finance," sug-gested another, "because he was one cent—to Tarshish, you know." "In suffering," said another, "because he had a wale all over him." "Yes," said a fifth, "and in fortitude, for he forgot his Spain—his pain, you see." "He was a good deal like this Russian war," remarked a sixth, "a prophet to Europe." "Profit, I see," said Martha. "You needn't bear on that word so hard; that isn't fit, though." "He surpassed in literary misery," suggested a seventh, "for he was in a write wail for three days and three nights." "I guess he wanted to keep house," observed the eighth, "after he had so much trouble overboard."

"Ah!" said Martha, dropping another stitch, "that isn't any answer at all; go ahead, all of you, and I'll tell you when you hit right." "He surpassed in sadness," guessed a ninth; "he was quite down in the mouth." "No." "He surpassed as a wicked Roman Governor," suggested the fif h again, "because, you see, he was a pauncheous pilot." "O-h!" screamed Mar-tha, dropping seven stitches, "no physiolo-gy allowed!" "Well, then," said a tenth, "is it anything about a fishal in the Interi-or Department?" "No, you barbarian." "He surpassed," said the eleventh, "in lightness, because the whale threw him up." "Very good," said Martha, blandly, "but that's not it. You burn, though." "Is it anything about rode—rowed?" said her sister. "No, it isn't; you can't any of you guess. He surpassed in strength be-cause a whale couldn't keep him down."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

WHO BIDS?

A CHANCE TO SECURE A HOME AND MARRY THE LADY WHO OWNS IT.

We have had in our possession for several days, says the Baltimore *American*, a letter from a lady, evidently of culture and refine-ment, asking us to do her a service, which we scarcely know how to go about. She wants a business man, a gentleman of character, refinement and good hard sense, if not of culture, to assist her in managing her property, a task which she finds, after much trouble, disappointment and loss, she cannot, as a woman, successfully accom-plish. The gist of the letter is as follows:

"I have now a nice little home, with dairy and garden attached, in the suburbs of ——, with expectations in money within two years. What I want is a business man with some money, if but a few hundred dollars, to help me conduct and establish a profita-ble income. I have been trying to battle it, and have fought bravely with adversity and kept up a cheerful spirit all these years, but am becoming discouraged by failures in the management of business unsuitable for a lady. I have made a good living, but need help, counsel, some one to protect and sus-tain me in my efforts. I have had excellent offers of marriage several times in past years but was unwise enough to decline.

"Now, I want to associate myself with a gentleman of good character. His moral worth must be above suspicion, and of good common sense, and a reasonable share of in-telligence, that he may aid me in building up my home and collecting my means, with a view to our mutual interest and comfort. I will give him charge of what I have here in stock, horses, cows, wagons, &c., while I go to the city and open some kind of busi-ness, perhaps a book store, &c.

"Remember, I am not advertising for a husband, but a gentleman as partner, or to become one in business, and if in the course of events we find it to our interest and hap-piness to form a different relationship, found-ed upon esteem, good judgment, law and reason, why we will think of that hereafter. I am willing to engage in any honorable business with an honorable man, and if he is in need of the help and friendship of a true woman, who will cheerfully render all the aid and comfort that her womanly na-ture and the knowledge derived from trials and a varied experience may afford her, it will be well, for in this consists the sole pleas-ure of my life, working for the good of others. There is no branch of female work that I am entirely ignorant of. In every de-partment of housewifery, from the kitchen to the parlor, both homely and ornamental, I have practiced, and am independent of dressmakers and tailors, and even milliners and hatters, &c.

"Notwithstanding all these little resources and industries, I am not able to keep my business up snugly and comfortably for the want of proper and reliable and judicious aid in the shape that my means have been ever since the war. I have not a male friend to whom I can go for counsel, save an attorney-at-law, and this has cost me heavily, besides what I have lost by incompetent and un-trustworthy men in my employment."

She describes her home as "commanding an uninterrupted view of the city" (we do not say what city), with surrounding scene-ry truly magnificent. "It is a new house; the lots unimproved, but in cultivation." In concluding our correspondent says: "I write hurriedly. It is growing late and dark. I am writing with many interrup-tions of talking and music and mirth," etc.

Now, if any of the Benedicts among our readers (over forty years of age preferred) desire to settle comfortably in these hard times they should promptly step forward and enter the list as competitors for this chance in life.

GIANTS.—The Huntsville *Advocate* re-ports the presence in that portion of Ala-bama of "a giant twenty-one feet three inches high, and six feet eight inches across the shoulders; his foot measures thirty-four inches by seven een, and he steps over seven rows of cotton at each stride. The people living near July Mountain, in Jack-son county, turned out several days ago, some hundreds strong and penned him in a ravine. He submitted to be bound and measured, then broke his futile chains, crossed the river near Bellefonte, and made for South Mountain, the residents whereon are being baptized and staying at home of nights."

This account is, of course, apocryphal, and yet the fact of the incident has some-thing of a parallel in the early history of Tennessee, though attended with circum-stances of rather a ludicrous character. In 1778, a man named Spencer came with oth-ers from Kentucky, for the purpose of es-tablishing a settlement in Middle Tennes-see. He took up his residence in a hollow tree near Bledsoe's Lick. "Spencer was a man of giant stature," says Ramsey, in his Annals of Tennessee, "and passing one morning the temporary cabin erected at a place called Eaton's Station, and occupied by one of Captain de Mumbrune's hunters, his huge tracks were left plainly impressed in the rich alluvial. These were seen by the hunter on his return to the camp, who, alarmed at their size, immediately swam across the river, and wandered through the woods until he reached the French settle-ments on the Wabash." The poor hunter evidently thought this section of the State was inhabited by a race of giants.

But he is not the only big-footed man who has trod the soil of Tennessee. Some months ago the Memphis *Appeal* reported that G. W. App, of that city, had made a remarkable pair of shoes for a negro man who lived in Arkansas. The length of the shoes is seventeen and three-quarter inches and six inches across the sole! The man is over seven feet in height, weighs about four hundred pounds, and is not more than twenty-six years of age. It may be said to the credit of this big-footed negro that he is a preacher.

WANTED.—A wife who can handle a broom to brush down cob webs and sweep up her room.

Can make decent bread that a fellow can eat.

Not that horrible compound you every-where meet.

Who knows how to boil, to fry, and to roast.

Make a good cup of tea and a platter of toast.

A woman that washes, cooks, irons and stitches.

And sews up the rips in a fellow's old breeches.

And makes her own garments—an item which is so horribly expensive, as eve y one knows; a com mon sense creature and s ll with a mind.

To teach and to guide—exalted, refined,
A rod of an angel and house maid com-bined.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
Friday Morning, - - Sept. 21, 1877.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
JOHN TRUNKEY, of Venango County.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
WM. P. SCHELL, of Bedford County.
FOR STATE TREASURER:
AMOS C. NOYES, of Clinton County.

Democratic County Ticket.

PROTHONOTARY:
CHAS. F. O'DONNELL, of Loretto Bor.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
W. HORACE ROSE, of Johnstown.
POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
JACOB KIRKPATRICK, of Chest Twp.
CORONER:
JAMES MORELAND, of Wilmore Bor.

"LAY on, Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Three newspapers received at this office within the last two weeks put into Macbeth's mouth, as above printed, his defiant challenge to his mortal enemy, Macduff. It has nothing to do of course with present politics, but still it is a foul libel on Shakspeare, and almost enough to make his bones turn with disgust in his coffin.

IF it was a wise thing in the Democratic State Committee to establish its headquarters at Philadelphia, we confess that we cannot see it. In other States the chairman of the committee performs his duties at the State capital, and not at the metropolis, and no good reason can be given why it should not be so here. Philadelphia politicians, as a general rule, are much more solicitous for the success of their city ticket than for a victory in the State. The one opens the way to official plunder and the other does not.

ALTHOUGH Henry Rawle, the present State Treasurer, is not a candidate for re-election, this would be an appropriate time to republish his letter accepting the nomination two years ago. His letter, if we correctly remember it, contained a distinct promise that if he was elected he would publish for the people's information monthly statements of the Treasury balances. He has never done so, we believe, and as Wm. B. Hart, his cashier, is the Republican candidate and expects to succeed him, the publication of Rawle's letter would be opportune. Will the Harrisburg *Patriot* be good enough to reproduce it?

IN this age of Presidential junketing, it is pleasant to read what was thought of the practice in the earlier and better days of the Republic. It is true, as the old adage says, that times change and men change with them, but it is not in accordance with the fitness of things to see a President and his cabinet officers putting themselves on constant exhibition before the public. During both his terms of office, Grant was always on the move, and Mr. Hayes is treading closely in his footsteps. As a bright contrast, seventy years ago Thomas Jefferson said:

"I confess that I am not reconciled to the idea of a chief magistrate parading himself through the several states as an object of public gaze, and in quest of an applause, which, to be valuable, should be purely voluntary. I had rather acquire silent good will by a faithful discharge of my duties, than owe expression of it to my putting myself in the way of receiving them."

REV. JOHN MCELROY, the oldest Catholic priest in the United States, and the oldest Jesuit in the world, died at Frederick, Md., on last Wednesday week, at the advanced age of 95 years. He came to this country from Ireland in 1803, when he was twenty-one years old, and when Thomas Jefferson was President. He had been a priest for sixty years, having been ordained by Archbishop Neale in 1817. In 1840 he was chiefly instrumental in suppressing a formidable riot on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to quell which it was found necessary to call for military assistance, and was subsequently one of the two chaplains appointed by President Polk to accompany the American army to Mexico, to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers. Father McElroy was doubtless the most widely known priest in the country, and from his solid acquirements and great age exercised extraordinary influence in the Church. Take him all in all, he was one of the most remarkable men of the present century.

LAST Tuesday week was the day on which Gambetta was to have appeared before the proper criminal tribunal in Paris, to answer the government for having given utterance to certain sentiments in his speech at Lille. In consequence of the illness of his counsel he did not attend, but sent a petition asking a continuance of the case for one week, which was refused and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 2,000 francs and undergo three months' imprisonment. From this sentence Gambetta took an appeal, which was to have been heard on the 20th (yesterday). The particular ground of the prosecution against him is the conclusion of his speech in which he said: "Fear not that when so many millions of Frenchmen shall have spoken (at the polls) any one will be found, no matter how high his station in politics or the administration, to defy it. When France shall have made heard her sovereign voice, believe me, gentlemen there must be submission or resignation." This is simply the statement of an undeniable truth, and to an American seems to be quite moderate. The government, however, construed it into an attack on the loyalty, honor and dignity, and consequently on the person, of Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic. An administration in a country which calls itself a Republic and which cannot afford quietly to submit to the harmless assault contained in Gambetta's speech, had better give place to one that can—a Republic not only in *name*, but a Republic in *fact*.

No Responsibility.

When workingmen's meetings resolve, and when speakers who advocate the workingmen's cause assert, that in the future they will act independently of both the Democratic and Republican parties, for the reason that both have proven false to them in the past, they make an accusation against the Democratic party which is not susceptible of proof. The workingmen, in defence of their separate organization, declare that for many years past the legislation of the country, both national and State, has been in the interest of capital and opposed to labor, and that their main purpose is to gain the ascendancy both in Congress and the State Legislature, so that their rights may be effectually protected. This is substantially their programme, or platform, as announced by themselves, omitting its minor details. Admitting, for the sake of the argument, the truth of all they allege—that legislation has not done for labor what it ought to have done, but on the contrary has been purposely diverted all the time in favor of the moneyed interest—what truth or what force is there in the charge that any of the just responsibility for such a condition of affairs rests upon the Democratic party? It won't do to impute to the Democratic party the sin of legislative omission, as well as of commission, when in truth and in fact it has had no opportunity of sinning at all. No intelligent workingman need be told that for the last sixteen years the Republican party has had full and complete control of the Executive and Congress at Washington, and of the Governor and Legislature at Harrisburg. All the laws that have been enacted during that time relating to the nation and the State, have been the work of Republican majorities, and the Democratic party is no more responsible for their passage than it is for the terrible famine which now prevails in India. If the financial legislation by Congress has been hostile to labor and in favor of capital, as the workingmen allege; if millions of acres of the public lands have been squandered and recklessly given away; if enormous sums of the people's money have been donated to railroad and steamship companies; if our State Legislature has piled up mountain high law upon law for the benefit and advantage of railroad, mining and other powerful corporations, all the sin must be laid at the door of the Republican party, and there it rightfully belongs. If the Democratic party had been in power since the close of the civil war a very different state of affairs would now prevail, and a workingman's party would have no cause for existence.

The Democratic party was founded by Thomas Jefferson as the people's or laboring man's party, and it used to be fashionable with its enemies to denounce it as such. Whatever may have been its errors in the past, it cannot with any pretence of fairness be made to share any of the heavy responsibility which must alone be borne by the Republicans for the evils now existing, and of which the labor party so loudly complains. The only safe place of political refuge for a workingman is the Democratic organization, and acting with it by his vote and influence, aid in restoring it to power in the executive and legislative branches of the government.

THE "sick man of Europe" displays a vitality which no one ever supposed he possessed. The crisis in his case, it is true, is not yet over, and the Emperor of "all the Russias" may possibly be enabled to attend his funeral some time in the future. Plevna, a town of 17,000 inhabitants, and the scene of the disastrous Russian defeat on the 31st of July—a place which it is a necessity the Turks should *hold*, and also a necessity that the Russians should *take*—has successfully withstood, through two entire weeks, a most terrific bombardment from over a hundred Russian cannon, sending their missiles of death and destruction among the resisting Turks. Although during the first week of the assault the Russians gained some advantages and felt confident of final success, the Turks turned upon them last Wednesday week and utterly defeated them. Gen. Skobeleff was in command of the Russian forces, and after his repulse said that his regiments had been literally cut to pieces and no longer existed. The carnage on both sides was frightful. This disaster to the Russian arms is fatal to the success of the present campaign, though what the end will be of course no man can tell. The prospect for Russia, however, is very gloomy; winter is approaching; the Balkan mountains frown upon her army in front; the wide, swift and unbridged Danube flows in its rear; Bulgaria, the seat of war, has been laid waste and destroyed, so that from the present outlook its successful march to Constantinople is a matter of very serious doubt, to say the least.

GENERAL STURGIS, (a Pennsylvanian by birth,) who has been in search of the Nez Perces Indians in overtaking them on the Yellow Stone, in Montana, last Friday morning. A fight took place which lasted nearly all day. A large number of Indians were killed and several hundred of their pack animals captured, including over a hundred they had stolen from Howard's force about a month ago. The losses of Gen. Sturgis, who intended to follow up the pursuit next morning, are not stated. Gen. Sturgis is a man of energy and pluck, and will bring Joseph to terms if any man can. It has been thought that Howard was lost, as nothing had been heard from him for some time, but it turns out that on the day of the fight he was twenty-five miles *behind* Sturgis. Owing to some fatality it is always Howard's luck to be behind just when he is wanted at the front.

THE Greenback State Convention met at Williamport on Wednesday last and nominated Benj S. Bentley for Supreme Judge, J. E. Emerson for Auditor General, and Jas. L. Wright for State Treasurer. The last named (Wright) is the nominee of the Labor Reform party for the same office. He seems to be Wright on laborers' rights.

His Last Deal.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN.

BIG HAUL OF BOGUS SILVER COIN—THE DESPERADO OF THE ALLEGHENIES DIES WITH HIS BOOTS ON—A DRAMATIC DENOUMENT AT A CORONER'S INQUEST—SHOT TO DEATH IN SELF DEFENSE.

It is not true that tragedy belongs only to the mimic stage. It is not true that the Robin Hoods and Bill Sykes of fiction are purely the creations of imaginative minds. In real life there are incidents that surpass in their tragic character the bloodiest tale the novelist ever told. The capture of James P. Funk and the shooting of his partner, "Bill Hutchison," at Tyrone, on Saturday evening, would furnish a climax for the most intensely tragical drama ever placed upon the stage.

Information was received at the department in Washington, about the first of July last, to the effect that a gang of counterfeiters were plying their trade in the vicinity of Altoona manufacturing bogus coin. The work of ferreting them out was entrusted to U. S. Detectives G. B. Perkins and E. A. Abbott. James P. Funk was known to be a member of the gang. There was positive information that he had exposed $1,500 in spurious coin at one time. Funk had been spotted as a shover of the queer for eight or nine years. But "Slippery Jim," as he was familiarly called, was a lucky dog, and never yet had the officers been able to get him, as they say, "dead to rights." As far back as 1870 Funk's name appears upon the late U. S. Attorney Swoope's notes of evidence taken in the U. S. Court. He was then, with others, operating in Indiana, Blair, Cambria and other mountain counties. This time, however, the case was worked up with such address that Funk, slippery as he was, gave himself away in the most complete manner. Detective Abbott provided himself with a letter of introduction to Funk, from an old hand at the business, who wanted to "squeal." The letter spoke of him as one the writer had known for above twenty years, an old "coney" man and one not to be afraid of. Armed with this credential the detective visited Funk at his house, in that part of Altoona known as Logantown, on the 24 day of July. He presented the letter and was received, after a vast amount of cross-questioning, with that show of good fellowship due from one of the "queer" kind to another. It did not take the detective long to insinuate himself into the confidence of Funk sufficiently to make the latter believe that he was solid, and presently a deal was arranged for. This was for $1,000 in coney, to be delivered at some of the hotels in this city or Allegheny—which one had not been determined upon. It is not necessary to enter into details of the manner in which this arrangement fell through. Subsequent correspondence between the parties arranged a new deal, the money to be paid over at the City Hotel in Tyrone, sixteen miles east of Altoona, on the 15th inst.

"BILL HUTCHISON."

We are slightly in advance of our story. Funk had, during the brief period of their intimacy, given Abbott to understand that he had a partner who was really the main man in the business, he being, in point of fact, merely a sort of go-between. The other—whom he called Bill Hutchison—was described as a desperate man, one who had served a term in the Western Penitentiary for larceny from the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and who was known among crooked people to have been guilty of arson, rape, and even murder. The latter crime had made him peculiarly hardened and desperate, and it was well known that he would die before he would be captured, and that he would not stop at so small a matter as taking the life of anybody who stood in his way. This was the party with whom Abbott wanted to deal directly and it was arranged that the deal at Tyrone should be made between the three. When arrangements had been fully completed Detective Perkins was notified and he in turn communicated with Detective Roger O'Mara of this city, who accompanied the others to the rendezvous. Abbott was of course not openly in communication with them, but matters were arranged between them to the best advantage. They reached Tyrone early Saturday morning, Abbott taking room No. 8 and Perkins and O'Mara No. 5 at the City Hotel. It was of course impossible for them to make any arrangements with the landlord, and they took such quarters as were assigned. These were not the best for their purpose, the rooms being on opposite sides of the hall, and one some distance from the other. Besides that, the door of No. 5 swung from the side furthest from the other room, so that it could not be opened a little, permitting the occupant to look out, but in order to see what was going on it was necessary to put out the head. The best feature was that No. 8 had no lock, but that door opened in the opposite direction and it was impossible to see into it.

In the meantime Abbott met his man Funk, who stated that he had the money with him, but said his partner "Bill" wasn't there. Abbott promptly answered that he proposed to make no deal without the whole party was present; he had stood all the monkeying he proposed to have; they had brought him to this country town against his wishes, and he had his good money there but wouldn't deal without he saw all the men he was dealing with. They then telegraphed to Altoona for "Bill," the telegram being signed "P," which was the signature always used by Hutchison. After this it was arranged between the officers that upon some pretense Abbott should send out Funk and then arrest his partner, one of the others confronting Funk in the hall and the other coming up behind and effecting his capture. About three o'clock Funk returned to the hotel and informed Abbott that "Bill" had arrived and was ready to make the deal. Perkins was down stairs at this time shadowing Funk, and O'Mara, who Funk had sort of dropped to, was up in No. 8. Presently Abbott and Funk disappeared from Perkins, going, of course, to the room.

GETTING THE CONEY IN.

About this time Hutchison slipped into the hotel the back way—as it afterwards appeared in evidence—without being seen by Perkins, carrying with him an ordinary leather traveling satchel. He went up stairs and accidentally stumbled into the room where O'Mara was, apoligized for his mistake, and disappeared. The officer of course did not know Hutchison, but at once suspected that this was him—a suspicion which he did not lose. Perkins now came up stairs and went to No. 8. He was quite impressed with the belief that Funk's partner had not yet put in an appearance. Had they been certain that both the men were with Abbott they had decided to so far change the original programme as to raid the room. It was fortunate for them they made no such effort. The door, which was a little open, had a better protection than a lock. The muzzle of a cocked revolver just peeped out of the opening, and the man who held the weapon covered the passage. They could hear the money being counted out on the table, but could not tell how many were there.

Inside No. 5 immediately after the arrival of "Bill" there was a scene for a painter. The satchel, weighing above a hundred pounds, was handed over to Funk, and he and Abbott took seats at opposite sides of a small center-table, each with his revolver under his right leg on the chair, ready for any emergency, while Bill stood up with a similar weapon drawn in his hand. "Jim," said Abbott, "you'd better go down and see that everything's all right about the house before we begin to count these peaches." "No," said Hutchison at once with an oath. "He nor nobody else will go out of this room till the stuff's counted." Then stepping to the door and extending his pistol till it covered the hallway to the stairs, he said "I will stand here while you count and by G—d I'll shoot the heart out of the first man that comes this way," and he held the position all the time that Perkins and O'Mara were thinking of slipping to the door in their stockings. The three men in that room did their work, grim and determined, and two of them felt that they were three legal culprits, each of whom was prepared to resist any attempt to detect or arrest them. The other realized the imminent peril, not only to himself but his colleagues, and made up his mind that if he heard them approach he must shoot the man at the door and try his chances on the other one. In the meantime the money was being counted, and it was coming near the time to close up the transaction. The piles of money were each wrapped up in a piece of old paper. To this Abbott objected. He asked for cloth, and throwing out a half-dollar, in good money on the table said, "Jim, go and get some strong cotton cloth." Funk at once tried to turn him off. "Why," said he, "that's all nonsense." "All right," said Abbott, in a blustering way, "either you put the money up right for me or we don't deal. I've got my good money here for this, and I've got to take my chances to get the stuff off my hands. Besides I've got to check my satchel down the country, and that paper will come loose and the money begin to rattle and strut suspicion, and the Lord knows how I'll come out."

ONE MAN GOES OUT.

"Well, then, damn it," said Hutchison, "one of you watch the door and I'll go get it;" and with that he picked up the half dollar and left the room on a run. He had scarcely got to the stairs when Abbott turned to the other and a tempting to draw his pistol demanded his surrender. But Funk was too quick for him and managed to prevent Abbott from getting hold of his weapon, while at the same time he got his own up. The two clinched at once and a terrible scuffle followed. They rolled over and over upsetting the table, the washstand and chairs, Funk finally pressing the muzzle of his revolver firmly against the side of Abbott's head and with his hand on the hammer trying to set it. Abbott was grasping the other's hand and the weapon together, and by his powerful grip managed to keep him from cocking the dangerous plaything. They were in this position when O'Mara rushed in, closely followed by Perkins. It took the two but a moment to pull the others to their feet and clap a pair of handcuffs upon Funk. Perkins went out at once, and the shooting that was heard a moment afterward took O'Mara out too, Abbott having forced Funk meanwhile into a corner, where he covered him with his pistol, and all that "Slippery Jim" could do was to glare upon him like a tiger.

When Hutchison went out of the room at the top of his speed, and as he dashed past the door of No. 5, Perkins, who had believed all along that he had not yet appeared, at once "tumbled" to the fact that that was the bird, followed him to the landing of the stairs and saw him cross the street to a dry goods store, still on the run; and it appeared from the testimony afterward that he ran into the store, would not wait to have the cloth wrapped up, and ran all the way back. When Perkins stopped at the stairs he heard the scuffle in No. 8 and rushed to that apartment, O'Mara being ahead of him. His brief visit there and hasty exit we have noticed. He had scarcely got outside until he heard the other man entering the hotel. Dodging into his own room he waited a moment, and then, walking out with his coat open, to display his badge, and his revolver drawn, he stepped toward the desperado saying, "I am a United States officer, and I command you to surrender!" Instantly Hutchison, who was not more than eight feet from Perkins, raised his revolver and pointing it directly in Perkins' face said, "Damn yor, take that, will you," and fired, the ball whizzing close past the detective's head. He recocked his pistol and tried to fire again, but the cartridge snapped, and a similar result followed the third attempt. Perkins, who had been re-reating until he had reached the door of the room, now fired in his own defense with, as it afterward proved, fatal result. At that moment, just as O'Mara was coming to the assistance of Perkins, Hutchison turned and fled. After he had passed the corner at the stairs the detective fired again, probably to induce the fugitive to stop. He then rushed after him. As soon as Hutchison reached the street he turned up past the hotel, holding his pistol pointed so that everybody he met turned out of his way, although Perkins, who was in pursuit, shouted loudly to stop him. A large crowd had gathered, attracted by the shouting and the unusual spectacle of flight and pursuit upon the streets of the quiet country town. Presently a number started after the man, who turned up an alley, ran a few yards, and fell dead in his tracks. He had been shot directly through the left lung.

ARREST OF PERKINS.

In the meantime the people began to realize that something had been done, for Perkins was at once arrested, although he showed his badge and his commission and he was an officer making an arrest. Almost before he had been locked up the story started that one guest had been making a target of another, and the dear good people of Tyrone began to talk about lynching. In the meantime Abbott brought down the prisoner and had him locked up, while O'Mara took the satchel containing the captured coin to the bank for safety. Burgess D. P. Ray, of the borough, and the coroner, Mr. Sam'l Jones, made their appearance in a few minutes, and at once, it being about six o'clock, the latter began an investigation with a jury of the best citizens, the foreman being a Baptist minister and two of the members bankers in the place. The jurymen were Rev. J. L. Holmes, J. P. Walton, D. T. Caldwell, John Kegel, Sam'l Templeton and P. Flynn. When the inquest began the excitement was very high and the feeling strong against the officers. But Roger O'Mara changed that sentiment. He went right to the bank and got the satchel containing the coin and opened it in the midst of the jurors and the crowd. The sight of that $1,000 in bogus coin started their sympathy moving the other way. The witnesses who were then examined were the landlord, the porter, a guest who saw Hutchison shoot, and Abbott and O'Mara, and the testimony was all highly favorable to Perkins. When they were deliberating upon the form of verdict to render some one suggested that Funk be examined. He was brought in and told that he need say nothing but what he felt like. He expressed his willingness to tell all he knew, and on being asked if he knew the real name of the prisoner, said, "Yes; his name is John Bishop Cozzens Ware."

A thunderbolt could have produced no more decided sensation in the room than the announcement of that name did. Simultaneously every man rose to his feet. "Why, I thought it looked like him!" said one, and so it went round. And from that moment the detectives, who had been worsus to spit upon an hour before, were the elephants of the town.

WHO WARE WAS.

Ware, who as "Hutchison" was unknown to the villagers, had been for years the worst desperado in the mountain district. He was born and reared in Altoona, where his mother still lives, his connections being excellent. His only conviction for crime was in July, 1866, when he was sentenced one year and nine months to the penitentiary for larceny from the cars of the P. R. R. He served the full term. An old prison official remembers him as a sharp, active fellow, who required considerable watching and caused much trouble. Once he made a desperate effort to escape, but was unsuccessful. Although he has never since been convicted, the charge is freely made that he has committed almost every crime in the decalogue, and his name is the Raw Head and Bloody Bones of the mountain towns.

The Coroner's jury at once returned a verdict that Ware died from a pistol-shot, which they believed to have been fired by G. B. Perkins, but that the action was in the line of his duty and in self-defense. He was thereupon discharged. From that time—a little after eight—until the train left at two yesterday morning, the Tyrone people were not able to do or say enough for the officers. Wherever one of them went the knowing boys would point him out to those not posted—"There's one of 'em." They were banqueted by the Burgess and treated by everybody else. The good citizens even sat up with them till train time. The only mean trick played on them was by the Sheriff, who made them pay $7 for keeping their prisoner in his one-horse jail. The citizens really felt that the death of Ware was a blessing to them, and that the officers couldn't be treated too well for it. They left on the 2:50 train, arriving here early yesterday afternoon, when they lodged Funk in the Central Station. He will have a hearing before U. S. Commissioner McCandless this afternoon.

The captured $1,500 is about half in United States and half in Canada money. The latter is all in halves and quarters. Most of the former is in trade dollars. This bit is the first of the kind that have ever been counterfeited in the United States. The metal used is block tin and brass prepared in some manner with antimony, the coin being thinly silver-plated. The work is first-class, the only deficiency being in the weight.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch, 17th.*

The Late Father McElroy.

HIS LONG AND EVENTFUL LIFE AS PORTRAYED IN HIS OWN WORDS.

Rev. Father John McElroy, the oldest Catholic priest in America, whose death at Frederick, Md., on Wednesday, the 12th inst., is noticed in our editorial department, narrated the following facts about himself in a private conversation held in May, '65:

"I was born in the Province of Ulster, the most northern province of Ireland, in the county Fermanagh, in 1782, and am at present the oldest Catholic priest in the United States, and have been for five years the oldest Jesuit in the world. A catalogue is kept of the births, deaths and period of ministration of all the Jesuits throughout the world, and hence I am able to make the statement with accuracy. At the time of my birth Catholic emancipation had made no headway in Ireland, and hence I received simply a common education, such as was given to Catholics at that time. I left Ireland for America in 1803, when twenty-one years old. O'Connell had just made his debut in the character of an emancipator, and had given thus far but little promise of that extraordinary vigor and power of controlling popular sentiment for which he afterward became so celebrated. I landed first in Baltimore, and went from there to Georgetown. Jefferson was President of the United States when I landed. I have met him several times, and often had occasion to admire his republican simplicity.

"When I took the stage in Baltimore to come to Washington it was an old, rickety wagon, with leather curtains flopping in the wind and no springs to it. As we came down Capitol Hill and saw the cattle browsing about Pennsylvania avenue I asked when we would get to Washington and was surprised to learn that we were there already. The President's house was the only place worth looking at in the city. There was an old post office where the Patent Office is now, and a colony of Irish had squatted on the hill, who couldn't speak a word of English. Georgetown was a much more active place of business than Washington, and Alexandria was far more important than either. I knew Captain Hobart, the architect of the White House. He told me he intended to put another story on the building, but Washington did not approve of it. When I came to this country the laws had been suppressed. They were suppressed by Clement XIV., in 1774, and not formally restored until the restoration of Pius VII. to his functions in 1814. Archbishops Carroll, Neal and a number of others went to Europe in the eighteenth century to study at a Jesuit college; but upon their suppression these all returned. Jesuits, you will understand, cannot accept any honors, but they are obliged to obey the orders of the Pope. Both Archbishops Carroll and Neal were Jesuits. Carroll was at the head of the Church when I reached America, and the only archbishop in the country. Neal was at that time bishop and president of Georgetown College. I knew Archbishop Carroll well. He was above the medium height, very grave and slow in speech, but very amiable and interesting and very refined and gentlemanly in his manners. He and Carroll, of Carrollton, were first cousins, and not brothers, as has been erroneously supposed by many. The family was from the county of Cork, in Ireland. There was but one Catholic church in New York at that time and, indeed, for a long time afterward. I said mass as late as 1818 in St. Peter's, the old church in Barclay street, St. Patrick's church being then in course of construction, and there were only two priests in the whole city. St. Joseph's in 1803 was the only Catholic church in Philadelphia. It was in this church that Washington and his staff assembled after the battle of Trenton to hear mass. Now there are as many churches in Philadelphia as there are in New York.

"When I left Georgetown, as I told you, and entered into commercial life. Just about this time Archbishop Carroll was directed quietly to establish a novitiate for Jesuits in Maryland, at Georgetown College. It continued there for about two years, and was removed to Whitemarsh, in Prince George's county, Md. Subsequently it was removed to Frederick for a short time; after which it was again removed to Whitemarsh, where it remained until 1834. I gave up mercantile life to go to the college in Georgetown. I went there as treasurer, and attended to all the temporalities of the college for eight or nine years. I studied during my leisure and was ordained priest in May, 1817, when thirty-five years of age, fifty-eight years ago. I remained in Georgetown four years, filling the same office I occupied before I was ordained, and came from there here in September, 1822. The novitiate here (Frederick) commenced at the end of the last century. When I came here, in 1822, there was a small center building. The first old church, which is now incorporated with the main building, was erected by Father Dubois, one of the great pioneers of Church in this country, the father who founded Mount St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, and was afterward a bishop in the Church. I remained here until 1845. During that time I erected the center building of the Academy of Visitation, over the way, for the Sisters of Charity. The Visitation Sisters afterward took their place. The church which you see opposite (St. John's) I paid on it before I left $8,000. I was removed from here in 1845 to take charge of a church in Georgetown, of which I was pastor from September to May.

"The Mexican war having broken out, President Polk called upon the Bishops for a chaplain for the army. I had the honor of being selected by them, and was sent with Father Ray to the army. We were the only chaplains in the army, a fact which created much dissension and bad feeling among the other denominations at the time, but the President said the Mexicans were all Catholics and must be conciliated. I was with Gen. Taylor's part of the army, and became quite intimate with him. I sent for Ray to come and assist in preparing Scott's army for their departure from Matamoras, and I never heard of him after he started. Doubtless he was assassinated by the Mexicans. Taylor was at Brazos Santiago, getting ready his flat boats or rafts. It was supposed by the Mexicans that he would attack the fort in front, which they deemed impregnable, but he crossed by land and flanked it. I remained with the army as chaplain for one year. In July, 1847, I went to Boston to see Bishop Fitzpatrick. He offered me a church, and my provincial consented. In October following I was placed in charge of St. Mary's and was there about seventeen years. The Bishop told me there were about 30,000 souls under my charge. My life in Boston was at times somewhat tempestuous, but it pleased the Almighty to bless my labors abundantly. I can never forget the kindness and services rendered me on many occasions by persons of a totally different way of thinking from myself, and whose public positions made them shining marks for the envious and discontented. I immediately set to work and built a number of schools. At length what was known as the Jail lands were offered for sale, where formerly stood the jail, the old City Hall and Jail was torn down. The land was purchased by a gentleman for building purposes, and I succeeded in inducing him to part with a portion of it. My purpose was to erect a college.

"The Fifth ward of Boston was very much prejudiced against the Catholics. A great hubbub was the consequence. The cry was raised of Church and State. Father McElroy or not. The opponents of the Catholics resorted to a singular device. They said the land was bought with the condition attached that stores and dwelling houses were to be built upon it. A desperate struggle ensued. Finally, to quiet the storm, I sold the property back to the city and bought a lot almost an entire square, for one-fifth of what the jail lands cost, and on that I erected a college, which is at present in a very flourishing condition. A violent prejudice was manifested against granting a charter with college rights, but I secured the services of General Cushing, whom I had known in Mexico. He introduced me to the Legislature, by whom I was received with great kindness, and my modest petition was granted. It was on this occasion that I was first introduced to Governor Andrew, who informed me it would give him great pleasure to sign the bill as soon as it passed the Legislature. I subsequently built and dedicated in 1861 the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the finest church in Boston. It was consecrated a few days ago but I have been engaged in the ordinary duties of the ministry, my failing sight having curtailed and impaired, to a great extent my usefulness. I still say mass and preach here at the novitiate, but I am unable to travel without a guide, and that would be making two do the work of one. I have often known one to do the work of two, or even three, but I think the reversal of the rule would be unprofitable."

Thus spoke the old man more than a year ago, and his words will now become of threefold interest. One of his best efforts resulted in the erection of the elegant Church of St. John, at Frederick.

—Clerk Adams puts the Democratic majority in the next house at eleven.

News and Other Notings.

—In De Kalb county, Indiana, they have found a meteoric stone weighing two tons or more.

—A dead infant, supposed to have been starved, was found in a small box in Allegheny county on Friday.

—The democrats of Paoli county, Miss., have unanimously nominated a colored man for coroner and ranger of the county.

—By an explosion at Turkey Run colliery, near Shenandoah, Pa., Jane Thomas was killed and three others seriously injured.

—Judge West, the republican candidate for governor of Ohio, is in such poor health that he has to make his campaign speeches sitting.

—Wm. Driesbach, of Williamsport, is 17 years old and 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet. He could be cut into good sized twins.

—In a camp meeting near Guerneville, Cal., a house of three stories was made of a hollow tree, the cavity being thirteen feet in diameter.

—A girl in Orange county, New York, has had three step-mothers and two step-fathers. The only fun this extraordinary orphan experiences is eating wedding cake.

—The vault in which the remains of Brigham Young have been placed is so constructed that, after it is once closed, not a single stone can be removed from the structure.

—A Providence physician is of the opinion that if the city would prohibit the schools from being open more than three months in the year the doctors and the undertaker would have much less to do.

—A vessel left a Scotch port recently with five hundred hogsheads of wine on board. It is intended to take a twelve-months' voyage, the object being to improve the wine by a passage through the tropics.

—Seven years ago William O'Brien was murdered in St. Louis by Michael Ryan, who escaped arrest. O'Brien's widow recently recognized Ryan in the street, grabbed him, and held him until he was arrested.

—At the Boston dog show, a cat that had adopted a Guinea pig and a Spitz pup, was awarded a silver service premium. Next summer the Hub policemen will be hunting down that same Spitz pup with a six-shooter.

—Joseph Horn, an employee of the Westinghouse air brake company at the time of the recent strike, is under arrest in Pittsburgh, charged with being the man who by striking at Gen. Brinton began the Pittsburgh riot.

—The roof of the business house occupied by John B. Lauder & Son, at Rockford, Ill., fell in on Friday night, entirely destroying the building and stock of goods. Mr. Lander and two clerks were killed, and two others fatally injured.

—The Harlem steamboat Sylvan Dell ran down a rowboat in East river, New York, on Sunday evening, containing William Rodigan, John Welch, Mrs. Welch, Frank Oliver and his daughter. The three latter were drowned.

—A Chicago fashionable clergyman has failed. Liabilities, $15,000; among his assets, an exchange facetiously adds, were 22 pairs of worked slippers, assorted sizes; 13 dressing-gowns, 30 pen-wipers, 24 fancy pincushions, 9 watch pockets and 7 cushions.

—A practical joker living near Danbury, Conn., stole a scarecrow from a farmer's cornfield last week and leaned it up against the owner's door-yard fence. The owner saw it, and supposing it to be a burglar, sat up all night waiting for it to attempt to enter his house.

—Ann Wilson was courted twenty years ago in Bourbon, Ky., by George M. Gillespie, who afterward went to California, and she saw nothing of him again until very recently, when he returned with eleven children by a wife who had died, and renewed the courtship. Ann accepted him.

—Dr. Roth, of Danvers, Ill., died recently from starvation, caused by ossification of the gullet, a disease which has never been known to the physicians of that section. The entire interior of the esophagus became solid bone. His suffering was terrible, and death was a happy release.

—A street car to be propelled by compressed air, will soon be running on the asphalt pavement, on Second avenue, between Glenwood and the Birmingham bridge, Pittsburgh. It is now being completed at Soho. No tracks will be needed, as it will run directly on the surface of the avenue.

—Captain McClelland, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, has taken headquarters for the campaign at rooms 7 and 9, Girard House, Philadelphia. Mr. William V. McGrath, of Philadelphia, is Treasurer, and P. J. Pierce, of Mercer, Sol Foster, jr., of Pottsville, and William H. Eagle, of Marietta, Secretaries.

—Barney Harron, of Pittsburgh, who had been blind for six years, twisted a lot of ordinary wrapping twine into a rope on Sunday last, while his family were at church, and tying it to the banister of the stairway and around his neck threw himself over the banister. He was found hanging there dead when his family returned.

—The *Independent* in a long editorial cites data to prove the good grounds upon which the *Catholic World* predicts that New England will be the first portion of this country to become "distinctively Roman Catholic." Catholic immigration thither and Catholic labors there are very noticeable.

—The mayor of Burlington, Iowa, A. W. Parsons, a few days ago handed in his resignation and has since mysteriously disappeared. It is alleged that he was a defaulter to the Merchant's national bank, of which he was at one time cashier, to the extent of $50,000. There is also a heavy deficit in the school fund of which Parsons was custodian.

—Near Tiffin, Ohio, the other day, a tramp called at the house of John Austin, and noticing that Mr. Austin had rheumatism he advised him to make tea out of the Jamestown weed and drink it. Mr. Austin, without a second thought, had some of a woman, who, when arrested, tea made as recommended, and drank some of it, and in less than ten minutes was a corpse after suffering untold agony.

—There is a report that Brigham Young's mother, now ninety-eight years old, is living at Martinsville, Indiana. Her faculties are yet bright. She is in very humble circumstances, and dwells with some bitterness upon the fact that her son, who so greatly prospered in this world's gear, should have forgotten her, leaving her to an old age of penury and want.

—Professor Asaph Hall, of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, who discovered the moons of Mars, is a native of Goshen, Connecticut. He learned the trade of a carpenter, and married a school mistress, and it was she who induced him to study and became his teacher. He rapidly advanced, surpassed his teacher, and reached the higher branches of mathematics.

—The four oldest people in Berks county at this time, living in the same house and the same family, are those residing with Peter Gebris, of District township. Peter Gebris is 79 years old, his wife is 80, the wife's sister, Mrs. Derr and Mrs. Imboder are 84 and 93 respectively. Their combined ages are 336, averaging 84 years for each. They are enjoying good health, and are happy and contented.

—Somebody in Virginia has discovered a cave in which there is a lake, half a mile long by 200 yards in width, and of immeasurable depth, of pure cosloth. It is represented to be located very near a summer resort, where the advancing season has greatly reduced the number of guests. This may explain the alleged discovery of £50,000 that he will in six years walk through France, Germany, North Italy and Siberia to China, has started from Calais on his journeying. His last letter has him to return through India, Persia, Southern Russia, and from there over Greece and Italy to France. He was in Liverpool by the 1st of July, 1880.

—On Saturday afternoon, at Sargent's ranche, about two miles from Rocklin, Placer county, California, Mr. Sargent, the foreman, Xavier Louis Odor, and his son Odor, were brutally murdered by Chinamen. The citizens assembled, drove the Chinese out of town and destroyed the Chinese quarter. The trouble is said to have stood to have arisen in connection with a mining claim in the vicinity.

—Rev. Father Thos. J. Mooney, of New York, who, on Monday of last week, was thrown from his buggy, died on Friday afternoon from the effects of his injuries. The deceased priest was fifty-two years old, and for over twenty years pastor of St. Bridget's church, Avenue B. When the war broke out he went as chaplain of the Sixty-fourth Regiment, and was present at the battle of Bull Run.

—The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Baptist Church in Philadelphia will be observed in the First church, Race street, below Fourth, on the evening of Friday, the 28th inst., and by various services on the following Sabbath. The special event to be commemorated is the landing here of George M. Weis, with about four hundred refugee immigrants from the Palatinate, Germany, on September 21, 1727.

—Last week a negro committed a rape on a young white girl in Butts county, Georgia. A posse of citizens soon gathered, caught the black villian and hung him to one of the joists of an unfinished church. He confessed his third rape, and the proof against him was absolute. The finding of the inquest jury was a quaint one. It resolved that they are generally opposed to such lynchings, but Andy Greene came justly by his death, and we trust his example will be a warning to others in the future."

—John F. Lewis, a colored man living near Elmira, N. Y., stopped, at the imminent peril of his own life, a runaway team, and so saved Mrs. C. J. Langdon, her child and nurse, who were returning from a visit to "Mark Twain." The owner of the horses husband gave him $1,000, the holder of a $400 mortgage on his farm cancelled it, another gentleman gave him $1,000, and "Mark Twain" gave him $50 and a complete set of his works, so that the recipient of his good deed were the approval of conscience, the applause of his neighbors and $1,475.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* gives a romance briefly, thus: Seventeen years ago Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wilson, of Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pa., coincided to marry in partnership. Mr. Wilson went and served when the war broke out enlisted in the Union army. In the meantime he secured a divorce. No communication passed between the two until a few days ago. A few days ago Wilson returned to Bridgeport, went to see his former wife, fell in love, a minister was sent for and a marriage ceremony was performed. He expect to have better

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 21, 1877.

Workingmen's County Convention.

In accordance with a resolution of the Local Executive Committee of the Workingmen of Ebensburg, the Workingmen electors of Cambria county are respectfully requested to meet at the usual places of holding elections, on

Saturday, Sept. 22d, 1877,

to elect two Delegates from each district to represent them in County Convention, to be held at the Court House, Ebensburg, on

Monday, Sept. 24th, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

for the purpose of nominating a County Ticket, the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the Convention.

BY THE COMMITTEE.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

-When a woman can she cans about this time of the year.

-The afternoon train on our Branch road is said to glide on Thursday last.

-The ice exchange has just discovered that vegetable can ketchup to the tomato.

-Twenty-five cents per bushel for potatoes is the ruling price in this place at present writing.

-Rev. Remiglius Durach, of Conemaugh borough, fell down stairs a few days ago and injured one of her arms.

-A Perote lad named Calhoun had one of his legs broken in three places the other day by the kick of a horse.

-The remains of "Bish." Cozzens, the noted counterfeit coin, whose tragic death occurred elsewhere, were interred at Altoona on Monday last.

-Mr. S. A. Criste, of Gallitzin, had one of his feet badly demoralized, on Saturday last, by a heavy log rolling on it while engaged in coaring.

-Babies cry because they suffer; and the most reliable remedy for the relief of their discomfort is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Only 25 cents per bottle.

-Twelve chickens were stolen from Robert Pokworth, of Hornerstown, and nine from Ed. Zimmerman, of the Fourth Ward, Johnstown, on Tuesday night last.

-Annie, a five-year old daughter of Sheridan, had one of her feet quite severely scalded, on Saturday last, by accidentally upsetting a tin-cup full of hot soup upon it.

-Mr. Frank Gurley, a worthy young man of this place, is at present employed in the Alleghenian office at Cleveland, O. He has our best wishes for his future prosperity.

-The dwelling house of Mr. Thos. Mack, of East Wheatfield township, Indiana county, was burned to the ground, with all its contents, on Wednesday morning of last week.

-Judge Obed Etson, a former well known and greatly esteemed citizen of Johnstown, died near Villa Ridge, Pulaski county, Ill., on the 9th inst., aged 81 years. Peace to his ashes.

-A test well is being bored on Beaver run in Washington township, Westmoreland county, and on Friday last, at a depth of 2,020 feet, the well is said to have contained 40 feet of oil.

-Between seven hundred and one thousand dollars in silver and greenbacks were taken out long since from Mr. Mark J. Wilson's farmer residing near Martha Furnace, Blair county.

-Hollidaysburg is happy over the possession of four corn-stalks measuring respectively fourteen feet nine inches, fourteen feet six inches, fourteen feet five inches, and fourteen feet two inches.

-David Huber, of Conemaugh township, was brought to jail here on Friday night, where he will probably remain until called up at December sessions to answer the charge of stealing chickens.

-An excursion party in charge of Burgess Eldridge, of Johnstown, is to leave that place on Monday evening next for the Pennsylvania Exhibition at Philadelphia. The fare for the round trip is only $8.50.

-A Clearfield county paper says: "What kind of men may do when drunk should not be called a riot." This might be good law in Deadwood, but a Clearfield county court would pronounce it very *thin* indeed.

-For the first time in five years the entire panel of grand jurors, twenty-four in number, put in an appearance at the opening of the Indiana county Quarter Sessions last week. This is a rare occurrence in any county.

-The forty-fourth session of the Pittsburg Methodist Episcopal Conference is now in progress at the First M. E. church, Johnstown. One hundred and six members of the Conference were present on Tuesday last—the first day.

-Screw making machines are now being manufactured at the Cambria iron works, and if they prove a success it is proposed to erect buildings and establish works of sufficient capacity to turn out ten thousand gross of screws a day.

-A pistol in the hands of a Johnstown boy accidentally went off on Saturday last in the usual way, and the ball struck another lad named Baker in the forehead and glanced near the right ear, fortunately without penetrating the skull.

-Charles Fiscus, a broom maker well known in Johnstown, was arrested at Butler, Pa., one day last week, and is now in jail there on suspicion of being one of the parties who burglarized Updegrave's store, in the former place, a few weeks ago.

-Mr. Aloysius Marks and wife, an aged couple who have lived in Blacklick township for many years, where they accumulated quite a snug competency, left this place on Monday night last for Germany, from where they propose never to return.

-The jury in the case of Thomas vs. McMeen, on trial when we went to press last week, found for the defendant, and in the only other case tried, that of Somerville vs. Fisher & Johnston, a verdict for $790 was rendered. Court adjourned Friday forenoon.

-Mrs. John A. Blair, of this place, departed Wednesday morning on a visit to Minnesota, where she has a brother, sister and several other relatives residing. May she have a pleasant journey and a joyful sojourn among her friends in that far-off State.

-A reward of ten dollars is offered by Sawyers Oatman and Kerr for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who broke the lock and otherwise demoralized a fishing shack known as the "white boat," on Shinglehouse dam.

-Jas. P. Funk, otherwise known as "Slippery Jim," the party arrested at Tyrone on Saturday last for dealing in counterfeit coin, had a hearing before U. S. Commissioner Gamble at Pittsburg, on Monday afternoon, and in default of $10,000 bail was committed for trial.

-John Ables, of Birmingham, Huntingdon county, died a few days ago under circumstances which led to the belief that he had been poisoned, but an investigation resulted in a verdict of death from bilious cholera morbus, superinduced by exposure, destitution and want.

-The Hollidaysburg *Standard* tells of a lady residing in that place who received by mail the other day a gold chain which was stolen from her thirty-five years ago, evidently by one of her youthful schoolmates, while a pupil at Mt. Joy Seminary. A case of conscience long drawn out.

-The multiplication of poison germs in the diseases of the blood is exceedingly rapid and if unchecked vitiates all the blood of the body. Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture by its peculiar influence kills these germs, and purifying the blood, removes all possible chance of disease establishing itself.

-A post-office has been established at Winterburn, Clearfield county, which is no relation to summer heat, with J. A. Dorr as postmaster; and H. B. Mead and E. C. Coolbaugh, both of the same county but neither of them fit for brevet ages, have been appointed postmasters at Rubois and Lumber City respectively.

-We'll have to swing around the circle pretty lively if we want to attend all the county fairs for which admission tickets have been furnished us. The last one received is from Bedford, where the fourth annual fair of the Bedford County Agricultural Society is to be held on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of next month.

-A three-year old son of Mr. Kelly, residing at Cooper's Patch, Blair county, died on Friday last from injuries sustained by a fall about six weeks before. Dr. Miller, of Gallitzin, as we learn from the Altoona *Globe*, discovered two or three weeks ago that a couple of the lad's ribs were broken and that one of them penetrated his right lung.

-Daniel Weyand, Esq., an old and much esteemed member of the Somerset bar, died on Monday evening last, aged about 70 years. Mr. W. will be remembered by our older citizens as a frequent attendant at the courts here in days long past. He was connected with many years ago with the Somerset *Democrat*, in the editing of which he yielded an able and effective pen.

-A young man named John Frick, a resident of Conemaugh borough, attempted to get on the second National Line freight west, just below the Johnstown station, Friday forenoon, while the train was under full headway, but missing his hold he fell under the wheels and had his right arm cut off near the shoulder. The injured member had to be amputated soon after.

-Brothers Lindsay and Willoughby, of that spicy little semi-weekly, the Huntingdon *Local News*, will please consider our best bow made for the following kindly words generously spoken: We verily believe that the Cambria *Freeman* has more acceptable reading matter in 28 columns than the majority of 32 column papers in the State. But its subscribers shouldn't complain on that account.

-The full moon, which occurs to-morrow (Saturday), will be that wonderful thing known as the harvest moon, and for several successive evenings it will cast its mild refulgence athwart the earth during the entire night. Very generally there is an hour's difference from one night to another in the rising of the moon, but for a few days after the September full moon this rule does not hold good.

--Western Pennsylvania contributed seven more inmates to the Penitentiary and four to the Workhouse this week. Of these, three from Indiana and two from Lawrence county were taken to the first named institution on Monday, and the other two from this county on Wednesday, while Lawrence and Cambria each furnished two to the Workhouse. Lawrence county also sent two to the Reform School.

-With an impudence that is really refreshing the Hollidaysburg *Register* avers that the evils of which the labor reformer complain "can be best regulated in the Republican party, which has always been the friend of the workingmen." This too in face of the fact that there is scarcely a curse upon the country to-day that has not been brought about by the misrule and debauchery of the party in power.

-Our big bodied and warm hearted friend Mr. Jacob Stoltz, of Chest township, delivered at our residence, on Monday last, as a present to the printer man, a bushel of excellent apples, half sweet and half sour, and a like quantity of choice potatoes; for which it is needless to say he has the sincere thanks of the editor's household, all of whom may not pray for him, but some of whom feel like praying for a few more like him.

-A small fruit and peanut store in Johnstown, kept by a man named Peter Debardi, was entered by burglars on Tuesday night last, who gobbled up four dollars in money, a revolver worth ten dollars and a considerable quantity of good things. The same parties visited the book store of J. Q. A. Benshoff and had succeeded in prying off the lock of one of the doors when they were frightened away by approaching footsteps.

-The concert at the Congregational church on Tuesday evening last was well attended and well received, especially by Young America, whose encores were so annoying and profuse as to call for suppression, which came in shape of a dire threat that had the desired effect. The selections for the most part were pleasing and well rendered, and the audience as well as the management were no doubt gratified with the entertainment and its results.

-On the West Penn railroad, near Livermore, Westmoreland county, on Friday last, the chamber of one of the air brakes exploded with a report like a cannon. The ties immediately beneath the chamber at the time of its going to pieces were scooped out clean, and the car axle was bent so badly that both wheels left the track and ran for some distance on the ties. No one was injured, although the passengers were badly frightened.

-As the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes in the case of Margaret Ann Murray of Johnstown, who was supposed to have died from the effects of an abortion procured upon her person, the Hollidaysburg *Standard* reckons without its host when it says that the proceedings of the next term of the Cambria county court promise to be more than usually interesting by the ventilation of a seduction and abortion case, resulting in the death of the unhappy seduced.

-A kettle of boiling flaxseed oil which Mr. Richard Tibbott was preparing for painting purposes at his carpenter shop in the rear of his residence in the East Ward, caught fire about 9 o'clock on Monday forenoon and created such a smoke and blaze that the alarm spread rapidly and the fire department and many other citizens were soon on the spot, but fortunately their services were not needed, as the threatened conflagration was nipped in the bud before any serious damage resulted.

-From the Edenburg *Herald*, a daily paper published in the Clarion county oil regions, and of which J. Todd Hutchison, late of this place, is the local editor, we learn that a prominent contractor of that section is about to put down a well at Lilly's Station, in this county. The official report of the State Geological Surrey for 1876 says that what is called the "third sand" in Clarion county will be found at a depth of 2,000 feet in the vicinity of Lilly's, and of course it has to be reached before oil can be looked for.

-Our Chest township letter came to hand so late this week that we have only room for the following: On last Saturday afternoon our fellow citizen, Mr. Simon Nebower, while returning home from Carrolltown, met with an accident that came nigh proving fatal to himself and horse. One side of the shaft of the buggy in which he was riding became detached, and striking the animal on the legs caused him to scamper off at a fearful pace down a steep grade, throwing Mr. N. out on an embankment and causing several contusions on the head and on other parts of the body. The animal was slightly injured, while the buggy was completely wrecked. In the evening the injured man was in fit condition to be removed to his home, which is near the village of Glen Connell.

-The delegates elected to represent the workingmen of Blair county in the labor reform movement, met at Hollidaysburg last Monday and nominated the following ticket: Assembly, Col. James Tearney, of Hollidaysburg; Treasurer, Samuel Bossler, Woodbury township; Register and Recorder, David Koch, of Altoona; Director of the Poor, James Robinson, of Frankstown township; District-Attorney, Samuel Calvin, of Hollidaysburg; Coroner, John Estep, of Antis township. M. G. McCoy, Samuel Calvin and James Barger were elected delegates to the Williamsport convention, with instructions to exert their influence in favor of harmony of action in the ranks of the united labor party. Jas. E. Curry, of Altoona, a kinsman of our's, presided at the convention, and J. D. McMahon and James Garber, of the same city, acted as Secretaries.

-A correspondent sends us the following remarkable story, but as he don't vouch for it by giving his name any person who don't believe it is at liberty to set it down for a corn-founded fraud. We suppress the name of the farmer because the alleged yield is entirely too improbable to credit to any respectable granger: Mr. ————, of Gallitzin township, planted a field of corn on the 20th day of May and on the 20th of August he husked therefrom at the rate of 450 bushels to the acre of good solid ears. This, our correspondent assures us, is a new kind of corn, and when he tells us that as many as twenty ears were found on some of the stalks (he don't say how many stalks it required to produce that number of ears) we are free to admit that it is a new variety—a kind of corn-ucopia, or horn of plenty, so to speak. Any person doubting the story, our correspondent further avers, will be furnished with the proof by calling on the gentleman whom he names but we don't.

-A live bear was the prize contended for at a Bennington Furnace shooting match on Saturday last. The varmint was won by a man named Wilt, whose "string" measured a fraction over two inches, but when the lucky shooter remarked to Mr. Bruin, "Wilt thou go with me to Gallitzin?" his bearship not only declined to Wilt, on the spot and submit to his fate gracefully, but manifested a desire to stay where he was by peeling some of the flesh off Mr. Wilt's leg with one of his paws. He was finally induced to go, however, after being coerced into the measure by overpowering numbers, and is now safely caged at the latter place.

-Three lads, two white and one colored, were arrested the other day for stealing grapes from the premises of Mr. Michael Donovan, in the East Ward. Two other white boys were implicated in a like offense at the same place the night previous, but when they were all brought up for a hearing before Esquire Kinkead Monday evening the colored youth who had peached on the two latter declined to substantiate the charge under oath and of course they were discharged. The other three were fined $1.25 each, but the little darkey is the only one so far who has socked up, and he is still behind one-fifth of the amount. Some of the same parties are said to know more than the law allows about the grapes on our premises, but they need apprehend no trouble if they steer clear of temptation hereafter.

-Mr. Wm. K. Attick, one of the unfortunate men burned to death in the railroad wreck near Muncy, Pa., on Saturday last, as detailed in our general news department, was a native of this county, where he was well known, and has a brother, John E. Attick, a fireman on the Pa. R. R., residing at E. Conemaugh, and also another brother, George Attick, and a brother-in-law, James H. Cramer, the former an engineer on the same road and the latter a train dispatcher for the Company, living in Altoona. The deceased was a married man, but how many children, if any, he had we are unable to say. His remains were brought to Gallitzin on Monday last for interment. Mr. George H. Moorehouse, an Adams' express route agent, of Harrisburg, who was thrown from the express car by the collision, but fortunately escaped with several severe contusions and a painful cut or two, is a son of Mr. James Moorehouse, of Hollidaysburg, and a nephew of Judge H. C. Devine, formerly of this place, but now of Chest township.

OUT OF THE WHEEL.—Following are the names of the Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn on Tuesday last by Sheriff Ryan and Jury Commissioner Cramer to serve at the December term of Court:

GRAND JURORS.

Benford Jas. H., inn keeper, 3d ward, Johnst'n.
Bradley Thomas, merchant, Gallitzin borough.
Biemel George, miner, Cambria borough.
Cooper Philip, farmer, Clearfield township.
Coslow James, farmer, Adams township.
Dillon Patrick, farmer, Chest township.
Davis Timothy, farmer, Jackson township.
Gittings John, lumberman, W. ward, Ebensb'g.
Howell John C., carpenter, Gallitzin Bor.
Hoover Jeremiah, farmer, Cambria township.
Humphreys E. J. teamster, W. ward, Ebensb'g.
Hipps Magnus, puddler, 1st ward, Conemaugh.
Hitchue A., carpenter, W. ward, Ebensburg.
Jordan John, saloon-keeper, 2d ward, Johnst'n.
Kilgore Alex., clerk, 4th ward, Johnstown.
Kirkpatrick Jas., farmer, Carroll township.
Kiper George, farmer, Adams township.
Kearns Philip, farmer, Croyle township.
Luther Valentine, merchant, 3d ward, Johnst'n.
Masters Samuel, policeman, 4th ward, Johns'n.
McKenzie Andrew, farmer, Allegheny twp.
Noel John, farmer, Munster township.
Tantlinger Daniel, hester, 5th ward, Johnst'n.
Young Simon, butcher, 6th ward, Johnstown.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Allegheny Twp.—Francis Moran.
Barr Twp.—Alex. Brawley, Geo. Crook, John D. Egar, Daniel T. James.
Blacklick Twp.—John P. Kirsh, Jas. M. Ross.
Cambria Bor.—Lawrence Bawhamer, Thomas McKeown.
Cambria Twp.—Thomas Hoover.
Conemaugh Twp.—Alexander Cover.
Conemaugh Bor.—John Horne, James Kirby, John Widman.
Chest Twp.—Daniel Eckearode, Francis Earhart.
Carrolltown Bor.—P. L. Eck.
Croyle Twp.—Dan'l McGough, Jas. D. Plummer, James A. Skelly.
Clearfield Twp.—James E. Neason.
East Conemaugh Bor.—Leonard Kest.
Ebensburg Bor.—Edwin Mason.
Franklin Bor.—Daniel Pringle.
Gallitzin Twp.—John Gallagher.
Johnstown Bor.—George Arnold, Morganzi Brown, James Eldridge, Henry Fisher, B. F. Horner, Wm. Layton, John Sharp.
Jackson Twp.—William Harris.
Millville Bor.—John Arthurs, Robert S. Graham.
Munster Twp.—James Criste.
Richland Twp.—Henry Spiker.
Susquehanna Twp.—Jacob Koontz.
Summerhill Twp.—James Shorthill.
Tunnelhill Bor.—John Porter.
Wilmore Bor.—Arthur Cullen.
Woodvale Bor.—John Hamilton.
Washington Twp.—J. C. Martin, George J. Schwaderer.
White Twp.—Geo. F. Miller, John Van Scoyoc.
Yoder Twp.—Aaron Croyle, Jacob J. Strayer.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Blacklick Twp.—John Ferguson, John Hines, Barr Twp.—George Fresh, jr.
Cambria Bor.—James Clark, John Hessler.
Cambria Twp.—Geo. W. Gittinge, Obadiah Reese.
Conemaugh Bor.—Edward Connery, Charles Luther, Henry McMullen.
Clearfield Twp.—Peter Flick, John J. Nagle.
Croyle Twp.—John Fye, Michael Mulvehill, John Rorabaugh.
Carrolltown Bor.—Andrew H. Haug, Henry O. Stoltz.
Gallitzin Twp.—John Bradley.
Johnstown Bor.—John Brasil, Dean S. Canan, David Dibert, John Frank, Nathaniel Horne, Henry Hansman, Jonathan Horner, George Myers, Matthew Mooney.
Loretto Bor.—Andrew Kittell, Ed. Shields.
Munster Twp.—Philip Farren, Frank O'Hara.
Millville Bor.—John Hogan, John Woods.
Richland Twp.—Levi Foust, Joseph Geis.
Taylor Twp.—George Knabel, John S. Snyder.
Woodvale Bor.—George Bole, Geo. Gitlinger.
Washington Twp.—James G. Brawley, John McAtamney.
White Twp.—Geo. M. Cree, Christian Walters.
Yoder Twp.—T. L. Hunt, George Klinger, Jacob P. Strayer, John F. Sech.

A PERILOUS POSITION, IF TRUE.—A correspondent signing himself J. A. M., which probably stands for Just Ahead (of) Munchansen, and claiming to be a subscriber and reader of the FREEMAN, writes from Gallitzin to tell us that our old friend—well, never mind his name—went coon hunting on Thursday evening last, accompanied by his nephew, whose name will do just as well to suppress, and on reaching the corn-field where the varmints were supposed to be lurking, the party of the first part concluded to go around the field, but had not proceeded very far when he discovered a coon on top of a stump about fifteen feet high. Concluding that the best way to capture the game was to climb the stump, our old friend proceeded to put the plan in execution, but had scarcely reached the top when, owing to the fact that the stump was decayed through its entire centre, he found himself going feet foremost into the hollow trunk, and soon after disappeared from view. Meantime the nephew, not knowing what had became of his uncle, went in search of him, and on reaching the stump was startled, not to say frightened, by hearing his name called several times in rapid succession. Recovering his self-possession, he comprehended the situation in less than no time, and shinning it up the stump essayed to rescue his imprisoned kinsman, but in reaching down to feel for him lost his balance, and going in head foremost, found a very fine opening for a young man on top of his fellow sufferer. Here was a sad predicament to be in, and how to get out of it was the all-important question. The occupant of the lower story thought that he could live until morning, but the other declared that standing on his head, especially in so confined a position as that, would be the death of him in less than an hour. Neither of them felt, however, like quietly submitting to the dreadful fate before him, and in hopes of attracting the attention of some one, both of them yelled at the top of their voices. In course of half an hour or so a neighbor, who fortunately happened to be passing along the road near the scene of the disaster, heard their outcries, and after reconnoitering for a few minutes discovered the fearful plight they were in. Hastening home as speedily as possible, the neighbor in question procured a ladder, and summoning several others to his assistance, hurried back to the stump and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the discomfited coon-hunters once more on their forked ends and exceedingly glad to "breathe the air of freedom once again." So at least runs the wonderful story, which was no doubt intended for a joke on somebody, but as we withhold names the place where the laugh comes in will be exceedingly hard to find.

Local Correspondence.

CARROLLTOWN, Sept. 18, 1877.

DEAR FREEMAN—This morning, in St. Benedict's church, Dr. M. A. Wesner and Miss Annie E. Walters, daughter of Augustine Walters, Esq., all of this place, were married by Rev. Dennis Stoltz. Welcome indeed, Doctor, into the ranks matrimonial. In all sincerety do we wish you and your excellent young bride a life of true wedded bliss, and if your past lives are any criterion by which to judge the future, such will certainly be the lot of two so well and worthily mated. The many friends hereaway of the fair bride and respected groom join in hearty wishes for their happiness as well in time as in eternity. To which "Sursum" heartily says, *Amen*.

Although in your last issue there appeared a brief notice of the death of Mrs. Francisca Strittmatter, I take the liberty of giving a more extended notice of the life and worth of the deceased lady, who was born in Baden, Germany, and was at the time of her death 67 years and 3 months old. She came to this county with her husband, Andrew Strittmatter, in the year 1817, and first settled in Lycoming county, where they spent seven years. With her husband (the latter of whom died many years ago) she came thence to Cambria county, where Andrew Strittmatter, Esq., her oldest child, was born. Altogether she raised a family of ten children, all of whom survive her and some of whom are among our foremost citizens. Among these may be named Andrew, Peter, Augustine, Francis and Paul Strittmatter, of northern Cambria. Besides these, her grand-children numbered eighty-eight, and her great-grand-children, thirty-three at the time of her death, which occurred on Monday, Sept. 10, 1877. On Wednesday her remains were followed to St. Benedict's church by the largest funeral cortege ever witnessed in this part of the county. Thus did her neighbors and friends manifest their appreciation of the great worth and true Christian character of the deceased. After a solemn Requiem Mass, her remains were placed in the cemetery, side by side with those of her deceased husband, whose spirit had flown years ago to that haven of rest which we fondly hope and believe claims them both now and for ever.

Your worthy townsman, R. L. Johnston, Esq., enlivened our town by his welcome presence on Monday last. May his shadow never grow less and may it often be found preceding or following him in this vicinity.

Our new grist mill is kept in constant operation by the large patronage already extended to it.

On Thursday next we are promised an episcopal visit for the first time from our worthy Bishop, Rt. Rev. J. Tuigg, who will be sure to receive a warm, cordial and Christian welcome.

Yours, &c., SURSUM.

ALL ONE AGAIN.—The receipt of the official documents which unite the Catholic dioceses of Pittsburgh and Allegheny have just been publicly acknowledged by Bishop Tuigg, who will now have charge of the entire district. The announcement is made as follows:

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

VENERABLE FATHERS AND BELOVED CHILDREN: By official letters, bearing date of August 3d, of the present year, and recently laid into our hands, we are notified by the Holy See that our venerable predecessor in the See of Pittsburgh, but more recently Bishop of Allegheny, the Rt. Rev. Michael Domenec, D. D., freely and willingly tendered his resignation of the latter See, which was accepted by the Holy Father. By the same official letters we have been notified that the Holy Father, by the advice of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda de Fide, had entrusted to us, though unworthy, the administration of the Diocese of Allegheny, and, in consequence, promiscuously—"*promiscue*"—to be governed and administered as if but: Sees formed but one, "*ac si una esset diocesis*."

All this we request you, Venerable Fathers, to make known at the first favorable opportunity to the people under your charge, and in order that you yourselves and the faithful of both Dioceses may have a distinct and accurate knowledge of our position, it may be well for us to state that our jurisdiction and authority extend to the whole territory embraced in what was known as the Diocese of Pittsburgh before the division of the same on the 11th of January, 1875.

For your own direction, Venerable Fathers, we deem it right to proclaim that the Statutes and Decrees enacted in the various Synods held under our illustrious predecessors in the See of Pittsburgh, remain in full force. These Statutes and Decrees will receive such additions and modifications as we shall from time to time deem necessary or useful. You will, of course, remember that the Decrees of the Plenary Council of Baltimore have been already proclaimed in the Diocese, and as far as is necessary that proclamation is hereby repeated with its binding and directive force, for all those under our charge.

For the rest, Venerable Fathers and beloved children, we say with the Apostle, "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Charity of God, and the consummation of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen." †JOHN TUIGG,
Bishop of Pittsburgh and Administrator of Allegheny.

Given at our residence, in the city of Pittsburgh, this 18th day of September, 1877.

THE DEAD COUNTERFEITER.—The "shover of the queer" who was killed at Tyrone on Saturday evening last, a detailed account of which from the Pittsburg *Dispatch* is given on our second page, was generally known as "Bish." Cozzens, with the aliases of John Weir, John Ware, and W. W. Hutchinson. The Altoona *Mirror* furnishes these particulars in relation to his somewhat varied career:

On the death of his father, several years ago, he inherited a considerable sum of money. His mother subsequently married an Altoonian named Kinsel, who resided on Eleventh avenue, near Ninth street. Several years ago he was implicated with his father in law, John Burkholder, and family, in extensive larcenies from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He and his wife turned State's evidence, and were instrumental in convicting the family. A short time subsequently he was arrested, tried, and convicted for the larceny of Matthew Dill's valise from a car on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. During the Local-Option times he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to jail for selling liquor, Bish's line of crime has been a romantic one, and has reached a fitting termination.

SILK DEPARTMENT—FALL NOVELTIES.—We have now open and ready for inspection in our new and commodious salesroom our special Fall importations of Black and Colored Silks.

We this season offer a larger assortment of Silks than we have on any previous occasion and at exceptionally low prices. Our stock of Black Silks has been carefully selected, in view of selling to our customers nothing but what we can warrant to give satisfactory wear, and will be sold at from 25 to 75 cents per yard less than last season's prices.

We call special attention to our three lines of Plain Colored Silks at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard, which are the best values ever offered at these prices.

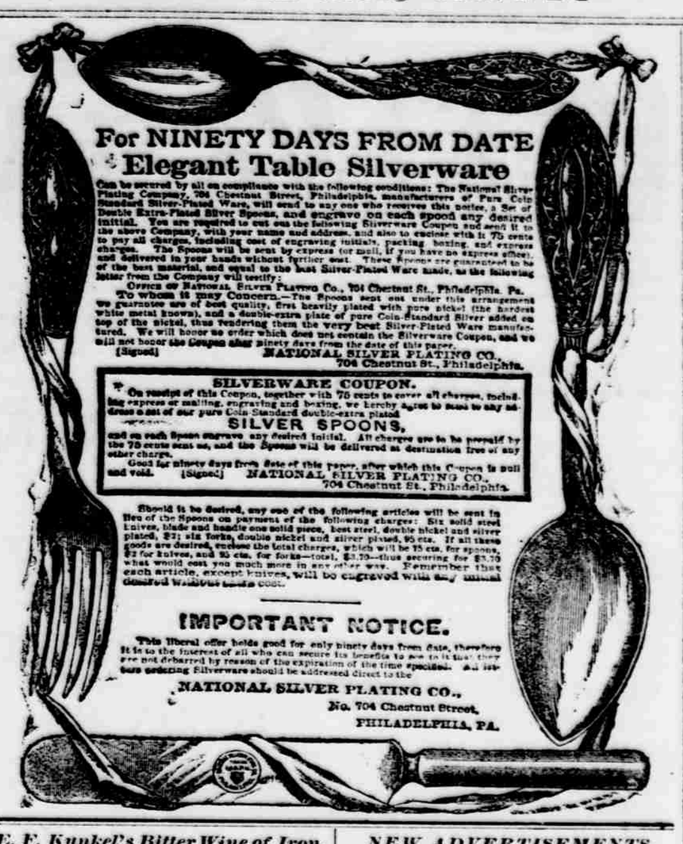
HUGUS & HACKE,
Fifth avenue and Market street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOW IT IS DONE.—The first object in life with the American people is to "get rich"; the second, how to regain good health. The first can be obtained by energy, honesty and saving; the second (good health) by using GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. Should you be a despondent sufferer from any of the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, &c., such as Sick Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach, Habitual Costiveness, Dizziness of the Head, Nervous Prostration, Low Spirits, &c., you need not suffer another day. Two doses of AUGUST FLOWER will relieve you at once. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents.—Positively sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, and by all first-class Druggists in the U. S.

—Summer time has passed away, and the winter time is coming; gone the heat and piercing ray—here is Autumn's gloaming. So now's the time your "duds" to buy for weather cold and freezing, which all can do, it is no lie, to their heart's content, aye, better, pleasing, at Godfrey Wolff's great Clothing Hall, which now is filled with clothing cheap, of fabrics best, for one and all who a harvest rich would reap. Next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa.—don't forget the place.

—I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers, and as fast as dreamed it was coined into numbers, until I beheld these figures so bold and so neat, 109 on Johnstown's famed Clinton street, where bargains in clothing, a fact known to all, are constantly waiting for buyers to call at Jas. J. Murphy's great Star Clothing Hall, which none need be told is the cheapest of places to invest greenbacks or gold in all clothes-buying cases.

—An asphalt pavement is any kind you fall on backward.



E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

E. F. Kunkel's celebrated Bitter Wine of Iron will effectually cure liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, chronic or nervous debility, chronic diarrhœa, disease of the kidneys and all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach or intestines, such as constipation, flatulency, inward piles, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sore eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, head, chest, limbs, etc., sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits. Price $1 per bottle. Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist palm off some other preparation of iron he may say is as good, but ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. Take no other. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is not sold in bulk—only in $1 bottles. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete, in two hours. No fee till head passes. Send, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing Seat, Pin or Stomach Worms call on your druggist and ask for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup, price $1. It never fails. Common sense teaches if Tape Worm be removed, all other worms can be readily removed.

E. F. Kunkel's Lustral and E. F. Kunkel's Shampoo for the Hair.

The best and cheapest Hair Dressing and Hair Cleaner in the world. They remove dandruff, allay irritation, soothe and cool the heated scalp, prevent the hair from falling off, and promote the growth in a very short time. They preserve and beautify the Hair, and render it soft and glossy. They impart a brilliancy and a silky appearance to braid and wiry Hair, and, as a hair dressing, they are unrivalled; eradicate dandruff and prevent baldness. The shampoo cleans the Hair, removes grease, scurf, itching, eruption. Cures headache produced by heat and fatigue. Kunkel's Shampoo and Lustral restore Hair to a natural and glossy color, restore faded, dry, harsh and brittle hair. Price per bottle. Sold by druggist for them, or send to E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. [8-10.-3m.]

BAROSMA has been the means of doing a great deal of good in healing the sick and benefitting the afflicted, many of whom had almost despaired of health, or of even being free from pain. Six years ago, a man troubled with kidney difficulty came to my Drug Store, leaning heavily on his cane, nearly half doubled, hand across his back—an object of pity; said he had been troubled in this way for years, and whenever he took cold it settled across his kidneys, often confining him to his bed for days and weeks with excruciating pain. He took a bottle of Barosma, and in three days returned, saying it was worth fifty dollars a bottle to him, and was willing to pay that if he could not get it without. He continued using it, buying six bottles for five dollars, which cured him entirely.

Prepared by E. K. Thompson, Titusville, Pa., and sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

ATTENTION is called to the offer made by the National Silver-Plating Co., 704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, in our columns.—Their silver-ware is beautiful and fully up to standard, and their generous offer is available to all the readers of this paper for ninety days after date.

OBITUARY.

SKELLY.—Died, at Wilmore, on Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1877, PHILIP ALFRED, infant son of Wm. A. and Jane Skelly, aged 7 months.

Not slowly fading day by day,
But in a few short, fleeting hours,
The lovely bud of promise drooped
On earth to ope in Eden's bowers.

But they who mourn weep not as those
To whom no blessed hope is given,
For Christ has said of little ones,
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." M.

WHITE.—Died, in Clearfield township, on Sunday night last, Mr. ROBERT WHITE, aged about 62 years.

The deceased, who resided in said township for a quarter of century or more, being the only colored man within its limits, was a runaway slave from Virginia, and will be remembered by many if not all our readers in connection with the successful effort made to secure his vote for the Democratic ticket last November. He was a quiet, peaceable and industrious citizen, and having won the good will and esteem of all his neighbors, he has passed from earth not as one unwept, unhonored and unsung. Interment Tuesday forenoon in the Catholic cemetery at St. Augustine. May he rest in peace.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of A. V. Barker, Administrator of SIMON SULZBACH, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on **Friday, October 12th, 1877,** at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 21, 1877.-3t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of PETER BERTRAM, Sr.

Letters of Administration cum testamento annexo on the estate of Peter Bertram, sr., late of Carroll township, Cambria county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them in proper form for settlement.

JOHN BUCK, Administrator.
Carrolltown, Sept. 21, 1877.-6t.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came into the enclosure of the subscriber in Blacklick township, on or about the middle of August last, a roan heifer, supposed to be about two years old. No marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of as the law directs.

ELIAS EDWARDS.
Bl

TURKISH CARPETS.

HOW AND WHERE THEY ARE MADE—AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION.

Three small towns—Oushak, Koula and Ghiordoss, within the boundaries of Greater Phrygia, in Asia Minor, have preserved to the present day the carpet manufacture, one of the few remaining branches of Turkish industry; and it is rather an interesting point to note that this manufacture has not much changed its locality from time immemorial.

Oushak, the largest of the three towns above mentioned, is situated on an elevated plateau between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has a population of over 15,000 inhabitants, of which only about a third are Christians. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks in the usual style of modern Turkish towns, and plastered over inside and out with a sort of dark clay, which gives the place a sombre appearance perfectly in keeping with the character of its people.—Quaint old fountains and wells, mosques and minarets, overhanging latticed balconies, and dark, narrow, crooked and dirty streets characterize the place even more than other towns nearer the seaboard. Wool in every stage of progression, from the moment it is clipped from the sheep to its final dyed and spun state, fit for the hands of the manufacturer, meets the eye in every direction, and indicates the peculiar occupation of the inhabitants of this busy little town, which, but for this industry, would in all probability have shared the decaying tendency of other Anatolian towns.

Almost every household of any importance carries on the carpet manufacture. The mechanism employed is of the simplest and rudest description. A vertical frame supports two horizontal rollers about five feet apart. The warp, of any required length, consisting of an upper and lower thread, is wound around the upper roller, and the ends fastened to the lower one, from which the work is commenced by the women and girls, who kneel or sit cross-legged in a row before the frame. Each workwoman has a certain width of work allotted to her, and proceeds to knot the tufts which form the pile in rows, using different colors to form the pattern. Each tuft is knotted independently of the others to an upper and a lower thread of the warp. When a row is thus tied the tuft is passed with the hand between the warp, and then beaten down with a heavy wooden comb. The pile is now clipped smooth with a large pair of shears, and the next row above the first commenced with. As the work proceeds upward it is rolled over the under roller, and a corresponding length of warp unrolled from the upper one, until the required length of carpet is made. The tying of the tufts and the picking out of the variously colored wools which hang in balls over the frame, is carried on with the most surprising rapidity, the pattern being meanwhile worked from memory, unless some new design is to be made. Forty-four rows of pile are thus knotted in the course of the day, and for this amount of labor each workwoman is paid from six to twelve cents daily. It will thus be seen that the women are the sole manufacturers, that no mechanism or instruments beyond a frame, shears and comb are used, and that the design is worked from memory. Yet, with such limited means at their disposal, these skillful workers contrive to produce the most harmoniously colored and certainly the most durable carpets in the world.

We have so far spoken only of the women; the men's share of the industry is to collect and dye the wool for the manufacturers, and manage the sale of the carpets when completed—tasks light enough, compared to the irksome labor of the females, but quite consistent with the Oriental notion of man's superiority over the less favored sex. The dyes which by their permanency have given much of the celebrity to the Turkey carpet, are mostly produced in the neighborhood. Madder roots for the reds, and yellow berries for the yellow and orange, are grown in the surrounding districts, and indigo for the blue is imported from abroad. The carpets and rugs of Ghiordess and Koula, the other two manufacturing towns, are made on precisely the same principle and in the same primitive manner as those of Oushak, but the work is of a finer description, and the colors livelier and more suited to the tastes of American purchasers than the somewhat darker appearance of the Oushak carpets, which are in almost general use for dining-rooms in England.

LAKE TAHOE.—Half of this lake is in Nevada, the other half in California. It is twenty-eight miles long and from twelve to sixteen miles wide, and has been sounded to a depth of 1,600 feet. Its waters are a beautiful ultramarine, and it may be called the purest water in the world, containing by analysis only four per cent. of impurities. It is so light and mobile as to be easily lashed into foam, or calmed to a mirror like surface. In the early morning it is like a looking-glass with surrounding objects reflected in it with surprising accuracy. Several steamers of small tonnage are used in navigating it. Its altitude is about sixty-three hundred feet; it is always cool and pleasant in the hottest weather. The lake never freezes and never gives up its dead. No person that has been drowned has been known to rise to the surface. Wood, as soon as it is saturated, sinks to the bottom. The water is as clear as crystal, and huge rocks fifty feet down are plainly discernible. In fact, it is a marvel, and the very contrast of the Great Salt Lake; for this is so dense and sluggish as to offer great resistance to the human body and everything else that will float.

GREAT

REDUCTION!

IN PRICES!

HARDWARE,

CUTLERY, Etc.,

AT MUCH LESS THAN COST.

Preparatory to tearing down and rebuilding his extensive Store Room,

Geo. Huntley

WILL DISPOSE OF HIS

Entire Stock of GOODS,

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF

Builders' HARDWARE,

Table and Pocket Cutlery,

IRON, NAILS, GLASS, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS, STOVES, TINWARE, HORSE RAKES, HARVESTING TOOLS, GRINDSTONES, HOES, SHOVELS, SPADES, PUMPS AND TUBING, BLANCHARD CHURNS, &c.

AT LESS THAN COST,

—FOR—

CASH AND CASH ONLY!

☞ I have also on hand a few good Sewing Machines, which I will sell at from $20 to $30 less than cost, and am agent for the great AMERICAN AWL MFG. CO., (the only chainstitch self-feed Gummer in the world,) which I will sell very low for cash.

Now is the Time to Secure Bargains

BY BUYING A

Big Lot of Goods for Very Little Money!

NOTICE:

☞ *All persons knowing themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come forward without delay and settle their respective accounts, either by note or cash, and thereby save costs, as I must have my books closed in the shortest time possible.*

Geo. Huntley,

HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, Penn'a.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK,

Nov. 19 1875.-tf. Cashier.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK!

120 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.

CHARTERED SEPT. 12, 1870. DEPOSITS received of all sums not less than One Dollar. Interest is due in the months of June and December, and if not withdrawn is added to the deposit, thus compounding twice a year without troubling the depositor to call or even to present the deposit book.

Money loaned on Real Estate. Preference, with liberal rates and long time, given to borrowers offering first mortgages on farms worth four or more times the amount of loan desired. Good reference perfect titles, etc., required.

This corporation is exclusively a Savings Bank. No commercial deposits received, nor discounts granted. No loans on personal security.

Bank applications for borrowers, copies of the rules, by-laws, and general law relating to this Bank, sent to any address desired.

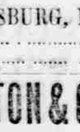
TRUSTEES—James Cooper, David Dibert, C. R. Ellis, A. J. Hawes, F. W. Hay, John Lowman, H. Baumer, jr., Daniel McLaughlin, D. J. Morrell, James McMillen, James Morley, Lewis Plitt, H. A. Boggs, Colonel Suppes, George T. Swank, and W. W. Walters.

DANIEL J. MORRELL, President.
FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer.
CYRUS ELDER, Solicitor. [12-6,'77.-1y.]

CARL RIVINIUS,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

EBENSBURG, PA.



Respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all work in his line, such as repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., at short notice, in the very best manner, and at the lowest possible prices. Shop on High street, one door west of Huntley's store. Please give me a call.

Ebensburg, June 22, 18.6.-1y.

ROOFING PAINT.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN VERMILION PAINT (mixed ready for use) is the best in the world for Tin, Iron, Felt, Shingles, or anything exposed to the weather. TRY IT. Price, $4 a case, containing three two gallon cans. Local agents wanted.

AMERICAN VERMILION WORKS,

[8-31.] 49 South Front Street, Philad'a. [$80.]

DR A. M. KEIM,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LORETTO, PA.

☞ Office opposite A. J. Christy's Drug Store. Night calls can be made at the office. [5-4.-tf.]

J. G. LAKE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Register and Recorder, in Court House.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-NINE YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

S. C. BAILEY. J. S. BOLSINGER.

Bailey & Bolsinger,

Plumbers,

AND

WATER, STEAM, AND GAS FITTERS!

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Are prepared to put Cold and Hot Water Pipes in houses and attend to all other work in their line promptly, expeditiously, at the lowest possible prices, and in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Also, can furnish at short notice and on the most reasonable terms, Marble Wash Stands Iron Sinks for kitchens, Boilers, Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Iron and Wooden Hydrants, Gum Hose, Galvanized Iron Pipes, one and one and a quarter inch Lead Pipe (light for country use), and Terra Cotta Sewer and Drain Pipes, 2, 3, 4, and 6 in. in size. Also, will fit up, at fair figures, Brass Globe Valves for steam and iron cistern pumps.

☞ All orders left with J. S. Bolsinger, or at his shop on Crawford street, will have early and satisfactory attention.

Ebensburg, June 22, 1877.-tf.

NEXT DOOR to the POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1876.-tf.

WOOL! WOOL!

BOUGHT —OR— MADE UP TO ORDER

THE EBENSBURG WOOLEN COMPANY is amply prepared to manufacture to order or exchange Goods of their own make for WOOL, which will be taken at the highest market prices, and for the gathering of which wagons will soon be sent to the various sections of the county. The quality of the goods made by us is too well known to need commendation, and as we are now running our Factory by STEAM power, there will be no delay in the manufacture of wool sent or brought to us for that purpose.

P. S.—Weaving, Carding, Fulling and Dyeing promptly attended to in a workmanlike manner and at the lowest possible rates.

Ebensburg, May 11, 1877.-tf.

PARKE'S MARBLE WORKS

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB-STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.

April 24, 1876.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

JAMES WILKINSON.....H. T. O'FRIEL

WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!

Loretto, Pa.

☞ Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. (4-12.—tf.)

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-11.-1y.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office and residence in new building on High street, one door west of Blair House. Aug. 25, 1876.-tf.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [4-21, 76.-tf.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—Housekeepers may be glad to know that a tablespoonful of ammonia in one gallon of warm water will restore the color of carpets.

Vinegar and fruit stains upon knives can be taken off by rubbing the blades with a raw potato, and then polishing on the knifeboard in the usual manner.

A stick of black sealing wax and one of red dissolved in two ounces of spirits of wine makes an excellent color for wicker baskets or other small articles of the kind. Lay it on with a small brush.

When the gilt frames of pictures or looking-glasses, or the mouldings of rooms, have specks of dirt upon them from flies or other causes, they may be cleaned with white of eggs gently rubbed on with a camel's hair pencil.

To do up shirt bosoms in the most perfect way one must have a 'polishing iron' a small iron rounded over and highly polished on the ends and sides. Spread the bosoms on a hard and very smooth board with only one thickness of cotton cloth sewed tightly across it.

First rub your tins with a damp cloth, then take dry flour and rub it on with your hands, and afterward take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent in rubbing them with brick dust or powder, which spoils the hands.

NEW REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—Among the many remedies of modern times in the case of common diseases may be mentioned the use of salicylic acid or salicene in acute rheumatism, especially of the joints; and its efficacy is attested as the result of over one hundred cases treated at a London hospital with this remedy. Relief was experienced in nearly every case, sometimes in three hours, and in other cases not for several days. The minimum of time necessary for the disappearance of pain from the joints was twelve hours, secondary effects being observed in a few cases, such as nausea, a humming in the ears, partial deafness, etc. Large doses produced a fall of temperature also; this, however, not being reduced below the normal condition. The pulse and respiration became less frequent; the appetite was not seriously effected. The medicine was administered in three three grain pills taken every three hours. Salicene seemed to have less effect, but possessed the advantage of not disturbing the stomach.

SOUR BREAD.—A model housewife suggests the following method of utilizing sour or stale bread: If bread is found to be sour and hard, it need not necessarily be followed by a complete waste of that important article of table consumption. It can be soaked in sweet or even sour milk over night for griddle cakes and in the morning, by the addition of an egg or two, according to the quantity, and with a little flour and soda, make it into a palateable and agreeable change for breakfast; and if the bread is sour a trifle of soda must be put into the cottage pudding for dinner. If the bread be toasted for tea, it must be thoroughly browned, recooked, in fact, which destroys much of its acidity, though never quite as good, of course, as bread that was sweet at first.

CRACKED PEARS.—Mr. C. C. Muller of West Philadelphia, Pa., tells the Germantown *Telegraph* how he prevented his pears from rusting, becoming hard and cracking. He says: "For the last two years I have sowed salt around the trunks of the trees, enough to make the ground white, and the result is, I have no more flinty, hard, cracked pears, and my White Doyennes have regained their plump size and beautiful rosy blush. I write this for the benefit of all who like perfect fruit. I have no doubt the mystery lies at the roots, salt being death to all the worm tribe. I believe if salt was applied to all apple orchards it would be as effectual as scalding now is to pear trees. I apply the salt but once a year, and whitewash the trees with a strong salt pickle to prevent it washing off."

SEED WHEAT.—Farmers, in running your wheat through the fanning mill after threshing, do not be satisfied with making merely clean seed; aim at producing a grade of wheat that will weigh; run it through the mill until every shrunken and small seed and weed is blown out, even if you have to run it through three times, yes five times; aim at having good, plump, heavy grain, and when you harvest your crop another year, you will see the advantage of taking time and care in selecting seed wheat. Do not look only to good cultivation and manuring, but select good seed as well. If farmers would take more care with their seed, and to the fertilizing and cultivation of the crops, there would be a greatly increased product per acre, and consequently with less cost and more profit.

TO PREVENT MEAT from scorching in the oven during the roasting process, simply keep a basin or cup of water in the oven. The steam generated not only prevents scorching but makes the meat cook nicer.

WANTED.

SEND for Printed List of Farms for sale and to exchange in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, Virginia, and the South, South-west and West. Also, want the address of persons having large tracts of land suitable for colonies. Send for a printed list—it will cost you nothing. S. M. JAMES, Pittsburgh Farm Agency, 134 Smithfield street, between 5th and 6th avenues, near opposite City Hall. [8 31.-3m.]

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. Night calls should be made at the Post-office. [8-17, '77.-tf.]

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [1-21.'78.-tf.]

WAR DECLARED

AGAINST

HIGH PRICES!

We desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that we have remodled, refitted and removed to our

LARGE NEW STORE ROOM!

IN THE ZAHM BUILDING, EBENSBURG, PA.,

Where we have just received an immense stock of

NEW FALL GOODS

Comprising DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, CARPETS, &c., &c. We also keep a full line of

FRESH GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Consisting of FLOUR, FISH, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, SALT, SOAPS, SPICES, OILS, &c.

SOLE AGENTS IN EBENSBURG FOR McLAFLIN'S WIRE CABLE SCREW BOOT.

GIVE US A TRIAL!

AND SAVE 20 PER CENT.

BY BUYING FOR CASH!

The Highest Market Prices paid for Grain and Produce.

McLAUGHLIN BROS. & CO.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., to be found in Cambria county. [2-4.] ☞ Don't forget the number and street. [11.]

Great Reduction

IN TEETH!

A FULL SET FOR $6.00

—AT—

Dr. Quincy A. Scott's,

278 PENN AVENUE,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Taking the Centennial Medal and Diploma over all home and foreign competitors has given Dr. Scott's work a world wide celebrity, and the public are always satisfied when they get it that they HAVE THE BEST.

IT WILL PAY EVERYBODY TO VISIT PITTSBURGH TO HAVE DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT EXTRACT THEIR TEETH WITHOUT PAIN BY HIS ABSOLUTELY SAFE ANÆSTHETIC, AS IT IS THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE,

And can be taken with entire confidence by old and young, and people in every condition of health.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM LAUGHING GAS.

Dr. G. Morley Harrison, a surgeon of 30 years standing in Manchester, England, lately died from an overdose of Laughing Gas. He was in perfect health, but the "gas" anæsthizes very rapidly and he took a few inhalations too many.

June 15, 1877.-52m.

A LECTURE

To Young Men.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price, 6 cts.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally: Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or quacking, pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,

41 Ann Street, New York.

Post Office Box 4586. [4-15.-1y.]

THIS WAY

FOR

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, &c.

IN addition to a full line of Drugs, Medicines, &c., the undersigned keeps on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of

Perfumery, Toilet and Washing Soaps,

Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences of all kind, pure Spices, Blank Books, Pocket and Pass Books, Stationery, Writing Fluid, Black and Red Inks, Pens, Pencils and Pen Holders, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, &c., &c., together with a

FINE STOCK OF JEWELRY,

Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the

Very Lowest Prices for Cash.

LEMMON & MURRAY.

Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.

AGENTS WANTED $50 to $200 PER MONTH

—A New, Clear and Concise—

UNIVERSAL HISTORY

Commencing with the earliest periods and closing March, 1877. 3 volumes of the World's great Grand History in one. Ancient, Middle Ages, and Modern, including history of *Centennial Exhibition, Inauguration of President Hayes and Turkish Difficulties.* A book of thrilling interest and importance. Sells faster than any other—Beautiful Illustrations—low prices, quick sales—extra terms, circulars free. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo. [8-29, 29t.]

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Having once more taken possession of the well known Crawford House in Ebensburg, which he has refitted and refurnished in good style, and intends hereafter to conduct on strict temperance principles, the subscriber earnestly solicits the patronage of those who may visit the county seat either on business or pleasure, all whom he pledges himself to entertain in the best possible manner and at the lowest possible price. Excellent accommodations will be furnished to summer boarders, who will find the "Crawford" a pleasant and economical place at which to spend the heated term.

ISAAC CRAWFORD.

Ebensburg, April 27, 1877.

BLOOD.

Lindsey's Blood Searcher is the greatest Blood remedy of the age. Erysipelas, Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples and all blood diseases yield to its wonderful powers. Don't fail to use it. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Price, $1. If your druggist don't keep it, send for it. R. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburg, Pa.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS [2-18.-1y.]

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-23.-1y.]

ONLY REMEDY

FOR

HARD TIMES.

CHANGE YOUR SURROUNDINGS.

All wanting FRUIT FARMS, especially adapted to the growth of the VINE, where it is an established success and pays LARGE PROFITS. The land is also adapted to the growth of Peaches, Pears, Apples, and small fruits; also, Grains, Grass and Vegetables.

Many hundreds of excellent VINEYARDS, ORCHARDS and FARMS can now be seen.

THE LOCATION is only 31 miles south of Philadelphia, by Railroad, in a mild, delightful climate, and at the very doors of the New York and Philadelphia Markets. Another Railroad runs direct to New York.

THE PLACE is already LARGE, SUCCESSFUL and PROSPEROUS. Churches, Schools, and other privileges are already established. Also, manufactories of Shoes, Clothing, Glass, Straw Goods, and other things, at which different members of a family can procure employment.

It has been a HEALTH RESORT for some years past for people suffering from pulmonary affections, asthma, catarrh, fever and debility, many thousands of whom have entirely recovered.

A new Brick Hotel has just been completed, 100 feet front, with large buildings, four stories high, including French roofs, and all modern improvements for the accommodation of visitors.

PRICE OF FARM LAND, $25.00 PER ACRE, payable by installments, within the period of four years. In this climate, 20 acres of land planted out to trees will count as much as 100 acres further north.

Persons unacquainted with Fruit Growing can become familiar with it in a short time on account of surroundings.

FIVE ACRES, ONE ACRE, and TOWN LOTS in the towns of Landisville and Vineland, also for sale.

A paper containing full information will be sent free of cost on application to CHARLES K. LANDIS, VINELAND, N. J.

The following is an extract from a description of Vineland, written by the well-known agriculturist, C. L. Flint, Johnson, and published in the New York *Tribune*:

All the farmers were of the "well to do" sort, and some of them, who have turned their attention to fruits and market gardening, have grown rich. The soil is loam, varying from sandy to clayey, and surface gently undulating, intersected with small streams and occasional wet meadows, in which deposits of peat or muck, dug stored, sufficient to fertilize the whole upland surface, after it has been exhausted of its natural fertility.

It is certainly one of the most extensive tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western Prairies. We found some of the oldest farms in as good condition for fruit growing as when cleared of forest fifty or a hundred years ago.

The geologist would soon discover the cause of this continued fertility. The whole country is a marine deposit, and all through the soil we found evidences of calcareous substances, generally in the form of incrusted calcareous marl, containing many distinct forms of ancient shells of the tertiary formation; *and this manly substance is scattered all through the soil, in a very commixuted form and in the exact condition most readily assimilated by such plants as the farmer desires to cultivate.* [8-23.-1y.]

ESTABLISHED 1869.

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We pay cash for Bounty Land Warrants, and we invite correspondence with all parties having any for sale, and give full and explicit instructions where assignments are imperfect.

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GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-21,'72.]

Where Do Flies Come From?

Flies come from eggs; and the other things, die and return to t They come in swarms, and by the hon, because they multiply so rap that, did they not have so many mies who are fond of sucking their and eating their delicate larva maggots, they would become so merous as to depopulate the land Some flies are known to lay as as 20,000 eggs at a time; these are small whitish, oval bodies, flyblows, which soon hatch into w larvæ which eat a short time and go to rest in a hard, brown, oval from which they come forth p flies so soon that the first, second third generation will appear in same season. If there is no fly—which has lived in your h perhaps all winter—should let in May, she might have a hundr a thousand young flies about June; and should half a thousand eggs in June, by the first of A the old grandmother fly could p 600,000 young flies; and half of 600,000 will present you their in countless swarms in Sep This power of rapid reproduc shows us how flies become so ous. When we throw out particles meat, grease, vegetables and bits slops from the kitchen, the flies swarm around and lay their eggs eggs will hatch; the larvæ will on the putrid and decaying scraps furnish swarms of flies ready to ize every particle of food and bit multiplying their number. In s of food they swarm into the kit pantry, dining room, and every where food and any dirt can be f They come from any place where are thrown, where scraps, and pee and fruits, and garbage, and fil any kind is thrown, and where ap and peaches and pears decay; come from every place where da and dirt are found.

TIN, AND WHERE ITS ORE IS FOUND.—Tin is one of the earl metals known, which is curious what, not many years ago, was general opinion of scientific men researches, however, which, within last twenty years have been institu with regard to the earliest nes habiting Europe, have conclus shown that weapons and imple of bronze (an alloy of tin and were probably the metallic articles liest in use, after those compos copper alone, and before the d tion of iron.

In the curious "lake dwe discovered in Switzerland, not bronze implements, but lumps of tin have been discovered. The portion of tin varies from four twenty per cent., about ten per being the most common.

The principal present sources tin are first, Cornwall, where it is almost exclusively obtained fr mines, instead of washing or "st works;" second, Saxony or Bohe in small quantities, and exclusi from mines; third, Banca and o islands of the Malay Peninsula as parts of Hindostan and B mah; all the productions from th (now furnishing the greater part commerce) known generally "Straits tin," being derived fr stream works; fourth, New So Wales, Queensland, and other p of Australia, together with Tasma Spain, Bolivar and Mexico, also ish (or have lately done so) some tion of the tin of commerce. G land, Japan, Finland, Silesia, I and Madagascar, and several localities, have also produced so greater or less quantities.—*Iron Record.*

THE SEVEN WISE MEN.—Most ple have heard of the "Seven W Men of Greece," but very few kn who they were or how they came called so. Here is the story and morsl is worth remembering if t names are not: The Seven Wise M of Greece are supposed to have li in the fifth century before Christ. Their names are Pittacus, Bias, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus and Per der. The reason of their being wise is given differently by va authors; but the most approved counts state that as some cows fishing, certain strangers from M bought whatever would be in the without seeing it. When the nets brought in they were found to co a golden tripod which Helen sailed to Troy is supposed to h thrown there. A dispute arose tween the fishermen and strangers to whom it belonged, and as they could not agree they took it to the temple Appollo and consulted the priestess regard to the matter. She said must be given to the wisest man Greece; and it was accordingly so given to Bias, who declared that Thales was wiser, and sent it to him. Thales sent it to another, and so on until it passed through the hands of all the men, distinguished afterwards by the title of the "Seven Wise Men," and each claimed that the other was wiser than he, it was finally sent to the temple of Appollo, where it still remains to teach the lesson that the wisest most distrustful of their wisdom.

RAZORS.—Homer, who is supposed to have written nearly 3 000 years alludes to the use of the razor. T instrument has generally been made of metal, but Cortez found the Mexicans using razors of obsidian, and the Abyssinians use pieces of shell and sharp teeth ground to a fine edge. In China and Japan, razors like English ones but without handles, are used.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Dip thin slices of ripe tomatoes into flour; salt and pepper, and fry in boiling butter or lard until nicely browned.